

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,100

DECEMBER 27, 1890

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

[PRICE NINEPENCE
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The Princess of Wales

The Empress of Russia

The Duchess of Cumberland

The Queen of Denmark

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS—A FAMILY GROUP

THE GRAPHIC



A NATIONAL PARTY.—Mr. Chamberlain seems to be of opinion that the time has come for the realisation of his favourite idea—that of a great National Party. Perhaps he is a little too impatient about the matter. It is true enough, as he said in his recent speech, that the reunion of the Liberal party is for the present impracticable. Mr. Gladstone is as ardent a Home Ruler as ever, and, if all Liberals once more acknowledged his authority, there can be no doubt that he would try to compel them to accept something very like his old scheme for the solution of the Irish Question. Besides, there are on other subjects serious differences between Gladstonians and at least some Liberal Unionists; and even if this were not the case, it would not be easy to efface the impression produced by the bitter recriminations of the last few years. All this does not prove, however, that Conservatives and Liberal Unionists could, if they tried, form a thoroughly homogeneous party. Their alliance has survived some severe shocks, and so long as they have to oppose a scheme for what they believe to be the disintegration of the United Kingdom, they will have little real difficulty in working together. But would their mutual relations be equally harmonious if the Irish Question became less pressing? Mr. Chamberlain often tells us that his opinions have in no way changed; that he is as thorough a Radical as he was five years ago. Does he suppose that the Conservatives have become Radicals? If not, how would it be possible for them, and for politicians of his way of thinking, to combine permanently under one leader? Contrasts of temper and conviction would at once assert themselves if the pressure of the Irish trouble were removed. Upon the whole, then, Mr. Chamberlain would probably do well to devote himself to more practical objects than those connected with the reorganisation of parties. Great political changes may be coming, but no one can yet foresee their precise character, or the means by which they are to be effected.

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR CRIME.—In spite of the objectionable manner in which the Eyraud-Bompard trial was conducted—objectionable even from the French mode of viewing such investigations—substantial justice was finally done. The male prisoner was sentenced to death, the female to twenty years' penal servitude. Both were probably equally guilty, but in such cases there is in all countries an inevitable, and not altogether unreasonable, tendency to regard the woman as the tool of the man. As for the hypnotic experiments which were proposed, it is to the credit of the Judges who tried the case that they did not add, to the various absurdities which they perpetrated or permitted, the monstrous scandal of a mesmeric exhibition in open court. As some of the French papers sensibly remark, it would have either been a torture or a farce, possibly both. It is to be hoped, at all events, that one good result will be produced by this sensational trial. People will henceforward perhaps have their eyes opened to the dangerous character of these hypnotic theories. Practically carried out, they are subversive of all social security. If once these doctrines obtained general credence, every evil-doer would escape punishment, for he would always plead that he committed his crime by "suggestion," and as the "suggestor," if discovered, would in turn offer a similar defence, it would become impossible to fix the responsibility on anybody. As it is, modern opinion is morbidly lenient towards murderers. "Mental unsoundness" (two of these cases are recorded in Monday's papers) is constantly allowed to save such offenders from the death penalty, although in the majority of instances the alleged insanity was not sufficient to prevent them from being thoroughly aware that they were doing wrong when they committed the deed which brought them under the shadow of the gallows. For the sake of Society, therefore, we cannot regret that the Home Secretary stood firm in the matter of Mrs. Pearcey.

FINANCIAL JOURNALISM.—It is to be hoped that the cause célèbre which lately attracted such universal interest will have the happy effect of purifying financial journalism. The finding of the jury, whether strictly in accordance with the law or not, faithfully reflected outraged public opinion. For some years past a mushroom-like growth of City papers has continuously sprung up, their ostensible object being to afford trustworthy guidance to investors in the choice of investments. A most legitimate object in itself, and quite worthy of the Fourth Estate to undertake. Unhappily, however, the very multiplicity of these prints constrained some of the proprietors to glance towards illegitimate sources of profit. Despairing of making their journalistic ventures profitable by ordinary methods in the face of such fierce competition, they began by "blackmailing for advertisements." That is, any new company which did not propitiate the editor by sending him its prospectus was sure to find itself very roughly criticised in his columns. This answered well enough for a time; a good many new companies have weak points which their promoters would much prefer the confiding public to find out for themselves; and this class of concern readily submitted to the blackmailers. Later on, however, the new school descended to a yet lower level, and took to more

direct methods of extortion. No longer did the advertising of a prospectus serve to blind its Argus-eyes to trickery; those vigilant organs required to be anointed with golden ointment. Or, in other cases, the proprietor having started a limited liability company to take some nearly worthless property off his hands at a fancy price, would urge the readers of his paper to invest at once, as the shares were sure to go to a high premium. And so the merry game went on, until at last every needy schemer hanging about the purlieus of the Stock Exchange jumped to the conclusion that he had only to run a financial journal to make a fine fortune. A few did so, and wisely cleared out with their ill-gotten gains, let us hope to lose them to some knaves even sharper than themselves. But others still hold on, and it is well, therefore, that a stern Nemesis has caught the chief offender in this equivocal line of business.

A TROUBLESOME QUEEN.—The Servian Regents find themselves in an extremely unpleasant dilemma. The Memorandum in which Queen Natalie has set forth her grievances is written with remarkable skill, and, if published in Servia, would undoubtedly produce a considerable impression. The mere fact that it is withheld from the Servians proves that the Regents dread the influence it might exert. At first sight it might seem that the best way out of the difficulty would be to grant the Queen's request, and to allow her to see her son as often as she pleases. But the Regents are not only very much afraid of the power she might acquire over the young Sovereign's mind, they have also to reckon with King Milan. No one knows why he should still be a formidable person. While he was on the Throne, he did not distinguish himself in any way. On the contrary, he was continually getting into trouble, and dragging his country along with him. Yet the fact is that he retains the power of doing a great deal of mischief, and the Regents are convinced that if Queen Natalie's wishes with regard to her son were gratified, her husband would make a serious effort to overthrow the present system and to recover the Crown. His abdication seems to have been conditional, so that it might be possible for him to give to such an attempt an appearance of legality. It has been suggested that the Servian people should be allowed to decide the matter by means of a General Election; but it is far from certain that if this plan were tried the result would be satisfactory. If the nation pronounced strongly for the Queen, the threats of King Milan might perhaps be safely disregarded. A vote adverse to her claims would not, however, put her to silence. She is clever and energetic, and would soon discover ways of creating a fresh agitation in her own favour. The root of the difficulty lies in the fact that although she may be ambitious, and somewhat unscrupulous, she has not been justly treated. That gives her a hold over the sympathies of many people who do not at all agree with her political ideas; and, whatever course the Regents may take, they cannot render her wholly powerless. Even if they confined her in a convent, as they threaten to do, their perplexity would only take a new form.

SEVERE WEATHER AND THE PRICE OF COALS.—This has been one of the coldest Decembers on record. Few persons, probably, can recall a previous winter when the frost began so early and went on so persistently. That the frost has been accompanied by an abundant snowfall is really a mercy. Everybody grumbles at the snow, and it is a great hinderer to locomotion; but, on the other hand, it is good for the agriculturist, and good also for a number of poor fellows in towns, who, as snow-clearers, have thus been able to earn a few shillings. On the whole, the old-fashioned plan of making each householder responsible for removing the snow in front of his own premises works well. The offending substance is much more quickly taken away than it would be if left to be dealt with by sweepers and scrapers appointed by the Vestry or the Corporation. But it does not answer in the case of "houses to let." Here is our remedy. Let the owners of all uninhabited houses be compelled to register their names and addresses at the nearest police-station, and deposit in the hands of the police a small sum of money (a few shillings would suffice) against such winter contingencies. As for the roadways, we do not object to the use of salt and watering carts for dissolving the snow and ice; but these operations should be at once followed by the broom of the scavenger to clear away the slush. This slush—the temperature of which is about twenty degrees below freezing-point—is bad for human beings, who must occasionally adventure through it; and worse for the horses, whose feet are plunged in it all day long. Lastly, let us call attention to the Report of the Corporation of London on the Price of Coal and the Coal Dues. In these columns we always consistently denounced the idiots who wanted to get rid of the Coal Dues, which nobody felt, and which were mainly expended for useful public purposes. Nevertheless, the idiots prevailed, and Coal Dues were abolished. With what result? Why that the London County Council flung away half a million of money; that the ratepayers are saddled with an additional fourpence in the pound; and that the price of coals has been higher ever since the abolition.

HARGAN'S SENTENCE.—It cannot be said that "extremes meet" in the case of the two sentences awarded to Hargan. In the first instance, the punishment allotted to him was

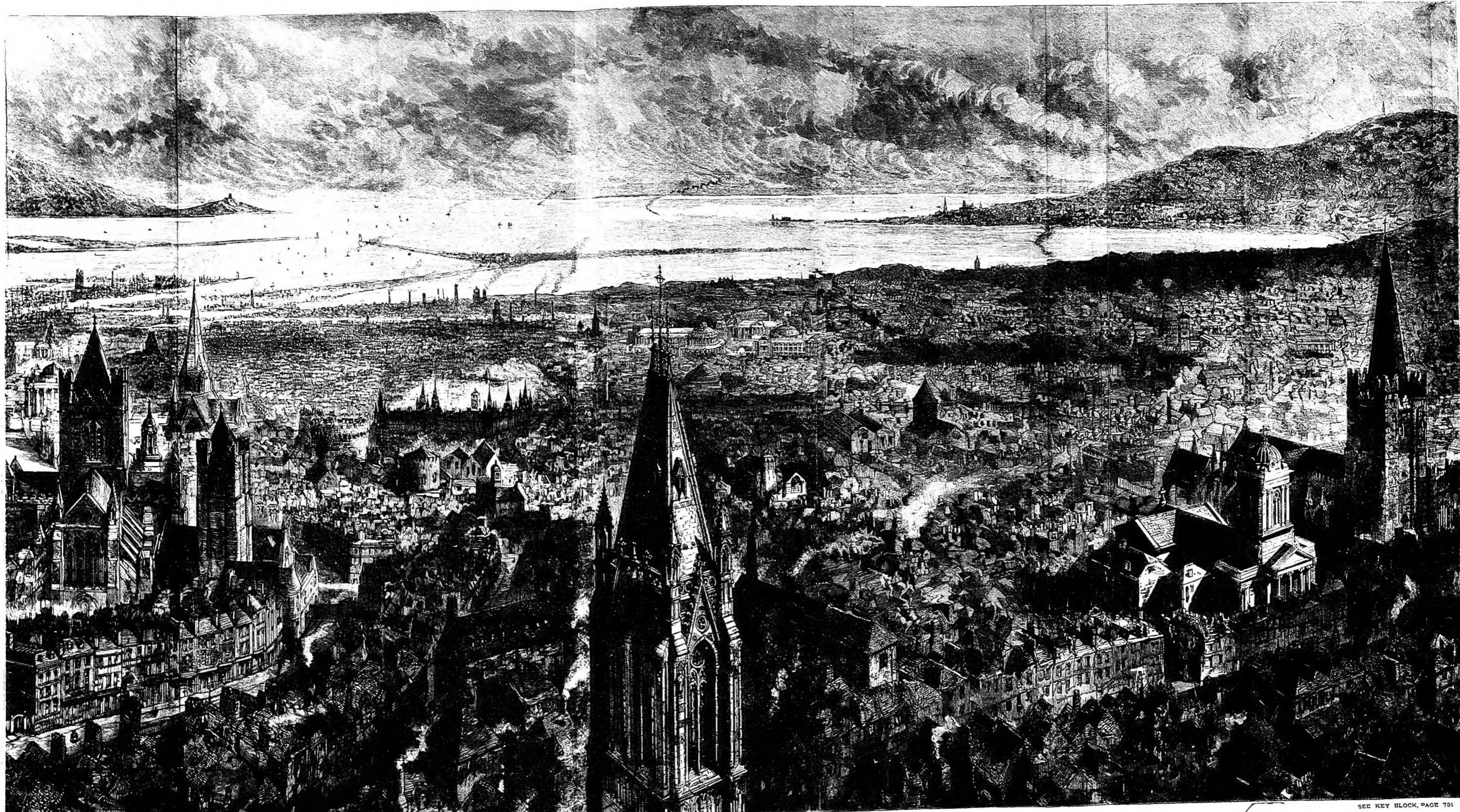
twenty years' servitude; the Home Secretary has now reduced it to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour. Clearly, therefore, the Home Secretary must have considered the former sentence entirely disproportionate to the offence of which Hargan was found guilty. Public opinion came to that view immediately after the trial; there were, indeed, circumstances connected with the case which would have almost have justified a verdict of "Not Guilty," on the ground that Hargan shot the two men in self-defence. The Judge, however, summed up very strongly against him on the charge of murder, and, although the jury reduced it to manslaughter, the presiding functionary would have stultified himself had he passed anything but an exemplary sentence. That public sympathy should have sided with Hargan was natural enough; he had a creditable record, whereas the men he killed belonged to the very lowest grade of ruffianism. At the same time, there is no getting away from the fact that Hargan made precipitate use of his revolver. The two roughs had not actually attacked him when he fired, and although he called upon them to stand off or take the consequences, that warning did not justify him in drawing trigger when they continued to advance. Besides, he fired a second shot without waiting to see whether the first would produce a deterrent effect, and thus killed two men when the death of one would have almost certainly have sufficed to secure his object. On the whole, he may consider himself singularly fortunate to get off with a year's imprisonment, although accompanied by hard labour. Seven years' penal servitude would not have been too severe punishment for a crime which approached very closely to the confines of murder.

AUTHORS versus PRINTERS.—The new American Copyright Bill does not deserve to be favourably received in England. It is tainted with McKinleyism; like the Dutch in Canning's time, it gives too little, and asks too much. As the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Printing and Allied Trades Association have shown, the measure will, from the English point of view, do more harm than good. The essential provision of the Bill is that a book can secure copyright in the United States only by being printed there. The effect of this will be that a large number of English books will henceforth be printed in America. Stereotype plates may occasionally be taken, and transferred to England; and in these cases printers here will still have such profit as is to be derived from "machining" operations. But in many more cases an edition will be prepared in America for the English market. When that is done, the printers in this country will be wholly deprived of a certain amount of work which has hitherto been provided for them. Of course Americans will gain what our men lose, but for Englishmen there is not much consolation in that. The real question is, will the advantages secured for English authors be in any sense a sufficient compensation for the disadvantages imposed on English printers? The only authors who will benefit largely by the new plan are those who already derive large, or at any rate considerable, profits from the sale of their works at home; and it seems open to question whether an addition to their incomes is not too dearly won when it is secured at the expense of an able and most deserving class of British workmen. The Bill is not worthy of the American people, and the question will not be satisfactorily settled until they adopt in this matter the thoroughly honest principles which have been accepted by most other civilised countries.

INDIAN CIVILIANS THEN AND NOW.—Men and women who lived in India five-and-thirty years ago will read with interest Sir Steuart Bayley's valedictory speech on leaving Calcutta. Five-and-thirty years ago forms an epoch in Indian annals. It marks the closing days of the *ancien régime*. At that date the peninsula was still virtually ruled by John Company in his Leadenhall Street Palace; the terrible Sepoy Mutiny was in the womb of time; the Competition Wallah had not set foot on Prinsep's Ghaut; railways had only just been begun; there was no telegraph-cable; the Overland Route was still something of a novelty; and there were plenty of Qui-hys still scattered up and down the country, men who had never, or scarcely ever, quitted the country since they arrived there in their teens, and who knew the natives and their ways with a thoroughness rarely attained nowadays. All sorts of loudly-trumpeted improvements have been introduced since 1855, yet Sir Steuart Bayley's parting note is decidedly pessimistic. "The amenities of life are lessened; the isolation is more complete; leisure for study or amusement is more unattainable; the rupee has lost its old purchasing-power; there is much more work to be done, and it is often done under the glare of hostile and malignant criticism." Most of those who know India will admit that there is a good deal of truth in these statements. But the changes thus recorded seem to be the inevitable result of what we call, or miscall, "progress." India has been gradually Europeanised in everything, except the climate, and the manners and customs of the natives. The electric wire brings Calcutta as close to Downing Street as Liverpool; there is a copious vernacular Press, often of the *United Ireland* type; men rush away home for a holiday so easily that they are no longer Anglo-Indian but English; and, whereas in 1855 there were only a handful of people in the country who were not John Company's servants, the "adventurer," as he used to be called, swarms everywhere nowadays. In all these



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF
DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER



SEE KEY BLOCK, PAGE 701

EYE VIEW OF DUBLIN
DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

changes there are compensating advantages, but, to the elderly, they are naturally unpalatable.

CHRISTMAS KLEPTOMANIA.—The influence of the festive season appears to produce a deteriorating effect on morality. As regularly as Christmas approaches do the papers report quite an exceptional number of petty thefts perpetrated by people in comfortable circumstances and of previously unblemished reputation. Several instances of this sort have lately come into court, which seem to afford warrant for the theory that sudden temptation, when aided by adventitious circumstances, sometimes converts ordinarily honest and honourable people into dishonest and dishonourable. Kleptomania is a different matter; the victims of that disease steal habitually, being as unable as dipsomaniacs to exercise any will-power when the fit takes them. But in the instances we speak of there is no record of that sort against the offender; it is, as we have said, a sudden giving way to temptation for the first time. Probably the moral principles of the tempted were never very robust; fear of the consequences, we may conjecture, previously restrained their thievish proclivities much more than any innate sense of rectitude. Even in that case, however, it remains to be explained why this deterrent fails to operate all at once. Perhaps it may be that the right sort of temptation never previously presented itself just at the very moment when its fatal attraction would have overwhelming force. This supposition apparently derives some support from the abnormal number of such cases shortly before Christmas. The shops and stores are then furnished forth with more beautiful goods than at any other season, and the exceptional press of business keeps the attention of the shop-assistants constantly engaged, while the desire to have a well-endowed Christmas may possibly contribute in some measure to efface the border line between honesty and dishonesty. The moral would seem to be that shopkeepers especially need to keep their eyes about them at this particular season.

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NOTICE.—"URITH, A TALE OF DARTMOOR," a NEW STORY by the REV. S. BARING GOULD, illustrated by FRANK DADD, R.I., is concluded in this Number.—"A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF DUBLIN" is issued as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICE.—Next week will be published the First Portion of a NEW STORY by WALTER BESANT, illustrated by Charles Green, R.I., entitled "ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER," which will be continued weekly until completed.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "SERPENT"

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LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—Every Night till January 2 (except December 24 and 27); also Matinées December 24th, 27th, and January 3.—Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. THE BELLS, Saturday night, December 27. Mathias—Mr. Irving. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, January 5, and Every Evening after, except Fridays, when RAVENSWOOD will be given.—Box Office open daily from 10 to 5, and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

M. R. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—POSSESSION, a new Entertainment by Walter Browne, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Concluding with a new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Gratt, entitled AT THE PANTOMIME. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO SICILY, GREECE, &c.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full-powered Steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3,876 tons register, 3,000-horse power, from London, on the 12th February, for a Fifty-days' Cruise, visiting Cadiz, Tangier, Malaga, Tunis, Santorin, Tripoli, Beyrouth, Haifa, Jaffa, (for Jerusalem), Malta, Gibraltar. These Cruisers are fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, &c. First-class Cuisine. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., Fenchur Avenue, London. For further particulars of above and later cruises apply to the latter firm.

SOUTH OF SPAIN, CYPRUS, PALESTINE, &c.—The GARONNE, 3,876 tons register, 3,000-horse power, will follow, on 25th, February, for a Fifty-days' Cruise, visiting Cadiz, Tangier, Malaga, Tunis, Santorin, Tripoli, Beyrouth, Haifa, Jaffa, (for Jerusalem), Malta, Gibraltar. These Cruisers are fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, &c. First-class Cuisine. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., Fenchur Avenue, London. For further particulars of above and later cruises apply to the latter firm.



MEMBERS OF THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY

FREDENSBORG, near Copenhagen, is a favourite summer residence of the Danish Royal Family. It is surrounded by a charming park, and the apartments are richly adorned with statues, pictures, and curiosities. Here, during the summer months, there is often quite a gathering of their Royal and Imperial kinsfolk. When in 1842 the present Queen of Denmark—then a Princess of Hesse-Cassel—married the young Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, no soothsayer would have been bold enough to prophecy the lofty destiny that was in store for her. That twenty years later her husband should become King of Denmark was not so much of a surprise, but it is remarkable that of her three daughters one should become the wife of the Czar of All the Russias, and another the wife of the Heir Apparent to the Crown of the British Empire. Not only were these two young ladies possessed of exceptional personal attractions, but they were brought up in a very plain and simple manner, and the

good qualities engendered by this wholesome discipline evidently enhanced their other fascinations, and rendered them worthy to maintain the high position which they respectively occupy. To the third daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Fates who rule over Royal destinies have been less propitious, but it is a satisfaction to know that she has recovered from the prolonged illness with which for a considerable time she was afflicted.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mary Steen.

THE MERRIEST DAY IN ALL THE YEAR

To enjoy the festivities of Christmas with heartiness, merriment, and innocence, one must be a child. And, it may be further added that the genuine Christmas atmosphere seems to be lacking in houses where there are no children. The truth is, as observed above, that it is the youngsters alone who really enjoy Christmas, and it is the brightness of their enjoyment which irradiates the spirits of their grown-up relatives. On this page, Mr. Barnes has depicted the successive scenes of a child's Christmas Day: the discovery of the gifts; the visit to mamma's bedroom to show them to her; the arrival of a multitude of Christmas cards; the kiss of innocence beneath the mistletoe; the Church Service; the arrangement of the dinner table; and the departure—cracker-night-capped—for bed.

"AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER"

DOMESTIC pets are nearly always hungry. As the toper said to the barmaid, they may have had sufficient, but they have not had enough: they have invariably got a corner ready for anything appetising. But these remarks will scarcely apply to the canine quartet depicted by Mr. Montefiore. They appear to be in the condition of the Frenchman who, when asked if he would have another helping, murmured, as he placed his hand across his throat, "Jusq' ici." Metaphorically, they may have fed from the crumbs which fell from their master's table, but the crumbs on this festive occasion have evidently been of a very substantial description. Hence they have temporarily attained the dog's Nirvana, or ideal of happiness, a sound sleep on a full stomach.

CHRISTMAS IN SERVIA

THE Servians have many curious Christmas customs, half pagan, half Christian in their origin. There is the Badnjak, a piece of wood, corresponding somewhat to our yule log; which is cut down and brought into the house with great ceremony, and then, after being basted with honey and butter, in the hope that bees and cattle may be prosperous in the coming year, is burned; and there is a sort of Father Christmas or Santa Claus, in the person of a Polaznik, a specially-honoured visitor, who is the first person received into the house on Christmas morning. But, whereas Santa Claus brings presents, the Polaznik receives them. As for the subject of our engraving, it represents the cooking of the national Christmas dish. What Turkey cum Sausages is to the Englishman, pork is to the Servian. Even the poorest family will save up all the year round so as to be able to purchase a pig at Christmas, at which time, fortunately, pigs are very cheap. On Christmas Eve the pig is killed, and on the following morning it is skewered on a long piece of wood, and constantly turned over a clear fire until roasted. After dinner has been served and the roast pig duly discussed, toasts are drunk, and heroic songs sung to the accompaniment of a one-stringed instrument. The Polaznik, who has taken part in all the proceedings, then departs, but not until he has been decorated with a cake made in the form of a ring, which is slipped over his head, and presented with money and other gifts. The room, it will be observed, is strewn with straw, in memory of the stable in which our Lord was born.—Our engraving is from a sketch by A. Wlahovitch, Belgrade.

CATERING FOR CHRISTMAS—QUETTA

CHRISTMAS at Quetta, with its snow, brings back the Christmas time of the old country to the exiled and home-sick soldier, and the two men who have been catering in the native bazaar for the Christmas dinner, chat of distant friends and firesides as they trudge along to the lines, followed by a coolie bearing on his head the good cheer they have purchased. The bright sun lights up the distant snow-capped hills, and the smoke curls lazily up from the town. Facing us, and looking towards Mecca, are the praying places on the housetops, from which cynical Fate shows the "faithful" the dominant Christian as he passes jubilantly about the business of his own great festival.

ROMANCE OF COACHING DAYS

THIS is fully explained by the sub-titles.

THE BEAUTIFUL RAT AND THE FALSE FRIEND

THE intention of this is set forth in the verses underneath the cuts.

DUBLIN

See page 731

THE RAILWAY UP THE JUNGFRAU is to be attempted, notwithstanding all opposition from an artistic point of view. The Swiss Federal Council have granted the concession for the line to M. Kochlin, one of the engineers of the Eiffel Tower.

AN ATLANTIC WINTER VOYAGE IN A LIFEBOAT seems rather a risky enterprise, but an American mariner has just accomplished thefeat in safety. Accompanied by his wife and niece, besides a crew of seven, he has crossed from New York to the Mediterranean in a lifeboat 32 ft. long, the voyage occupying little over the month. To avoid the North Atlantic storms, the vessel kept as much south as possible, passing the Azores.

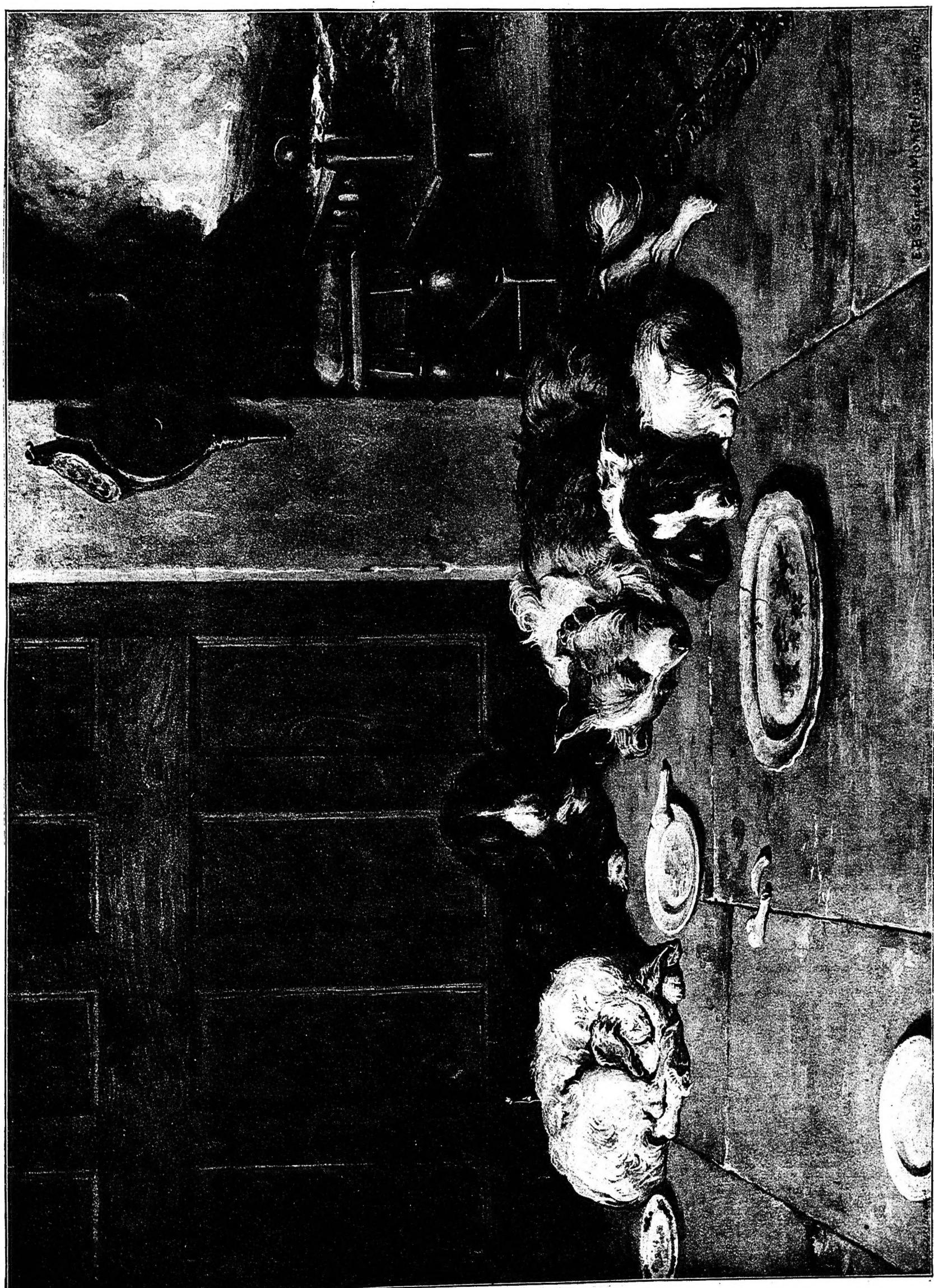
THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, the founder of Virginia, is probably less known to the majority of Londoners than to the Americans. But Captain Smith was once a parishioner of St. Sepulchre's, in the City, and at his express wish his remains were interred in that church, where thousands of Americans yearly visit his grave. The tombstone, however, is so dilapidated that the vestry are organising a fund to restore the memorial for the honour of our country.

SKATING COSTUMES worn by fashionable Parisian belles are very simple and almost uniform in colour and style. In the enclosure of the Skating Club on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne nearly every aristocratic lady appeared in a plain grey woollen or black velvet skirt bordered with fur, a long black velvet coat trimmed with fur to match, and a small fur or velvet hat. Elaborate toilettes and large picturesque hats are considered bad form, and are only worn by people of a lower grade in society.

THE OLD CINQUE PORT OF SANDWICH, famous for its antiquities, can now survey the ancient cause of its decline in prosperity. The capricious river Stour has again changed its course, and has thus laid bare the wreck of an old Italian vessel at the entrance of the harbour. Three centuries ago



"THE MERRIEST DAY IN ALL THE YEAR"



"AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER"

THE GRAPHIC

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

THE NATIONALIST AGITATION and its Irish parliamentary supporters are so largely dependent on the funds supplied by sympathisers in the United States that some interest attaches to the utterances of Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., who returned to Ireland on Saturday from America. If he is to be believed, the Irish in America cling to Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish in the United Kingdom, and no active advocate of his deposition dare face an assembly of Irishmen on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Harrington, it is true, is an avowed Parnellite, but two of his colleagues of the Irish financial mission to America, Mr. W. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon are anti-Parnellites, and they are the only members of this section of Irish M.P.'s who show themselves desirous to patch up the fierce quarrel between Mr. Parnell and the mutineers among his former followers. It was with some hope of such a result that Mr. O'Brien invited Mr. Parnell to a conference in France. It may be reasonably inferred that their conciliatory policy is so far confirmatory of Mr. Harrington's statement, and that unless peace can be concluded—a very unlikely event—between the Parnellites and the anti-Parnellites at home, Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien do not much expect to be able to raise the wind in America.

AN INDIRECT TESTIMONY to the beneficent effects of the English occupation of Egypt on the condition of its people is given in a memorial addressed to Lord Salisbury on a subject connected with a very remote Egyptian past. In the appeal of the memorialists to the Prime Minister to use the influence of the Government to induce that of Egypt to take steps for the preservation of its ancient monuments, they ascribe the increasing destruction of these interesting remains of antiquity to "the growing prosperity of the country, which has naturally created a demand for building materials, and the ancient monuments are resorted to as convenient quarries." The letter to Lord Salisbury accompanying the memorial is signed by Lord Wharncliffe as President of the Society for the Preservation of the Ancient Monuments of Egypt.

FROM AN INSTRUCTIVE REPORT just issued by the Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee of the Corporation of London, the rate-payers of the metropolitan area may learn that they have lost much and gained nothing by the London County Council's consent to the throwing away of the considerable sum which the coal dues made annually available for important public improvements of various kinds. The glowing prophecies of the advocates of the abolition of those dues have been signally falsified by the event. There has not been the abnormal increase in the quantity of coal imported into London which was predicted by Lord Randolph Churchill. Instead of the promised diminution in the price of coal, it has risen from 13s. 8d. per ton in 1888 to 18s. 9d. In the case of gas-coal, the coal-owners have not only pocketed the whole amount of the dues, but have added 33 per cent. to the price. 525,000/- per annum has been flung away, and this loss represents an addition to the rates of more than fourpence in the pound.

GENERAL BOOTH announced last week that the sums subscribed and promised to his fund amounted to 80,000/. In a letter published by the *Times* on Monday, he replies to some of the charges brought against him. He reiterates the statement that complete and duly audited accounts of the Salvation Army are printed and furnished annually to all subscribers. Dean Plumptre having objected to his annuity-scheme, that under it purchasers of annuities will receive more than the Government thinks it safe to give to its annuitants, General Booth replies, that at some ages he offers less than the Government. The prediction of the *Times*, that his Deposit Bank will issue in bankruptcy, the General contends is based on an inaccurate statement of Dean Plumptre that he offered 5 per cent. on deposits, whereas, actually, he does not offer more than 2½ per cent.

SIR EDGAR BOEHM was on Saturday, and at the special request of the Queen, buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in the south aisle of the crypt, within a few yards of the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, while immediately around lie the remains of Reynolds, James Barry, West, Fuseli, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, and Foley. The Queen was duly represented, and the Princess Louise was present in person. The chief mourner was Sir Edgar C. Boehm, the deceased's only son. Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Mr. E. J. Poynter were among the pall-bearers, and the Council of the Royal Academy was well represented. A number of distinguished persons were present. The service was conducted by Canon Gregory, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Minor Canon Milman.

THE THREATENED STRIKE OF RAILWAY MEN in Scotland began on Monday, and almost paralysed traffic in the Glasgow district, that on the North British Railway suffering most.

FOUR PERSONS, John O'Hara, a tailor, and his three young children, lost their lives through a fire, not otherwise destructive, which broke out at 9.45 P.M. in a house, No. 1, Herbert Passage, a narrow thoroughfare lying between Terry's Theatre and the Savoy Hotel. Through the prompt exertions of the fireman of the theatre the fire was practically confined to the room in which it originated. The father was not there when it broke out, but, rushing into the room to rescue his children, was burned to death in the attempt.

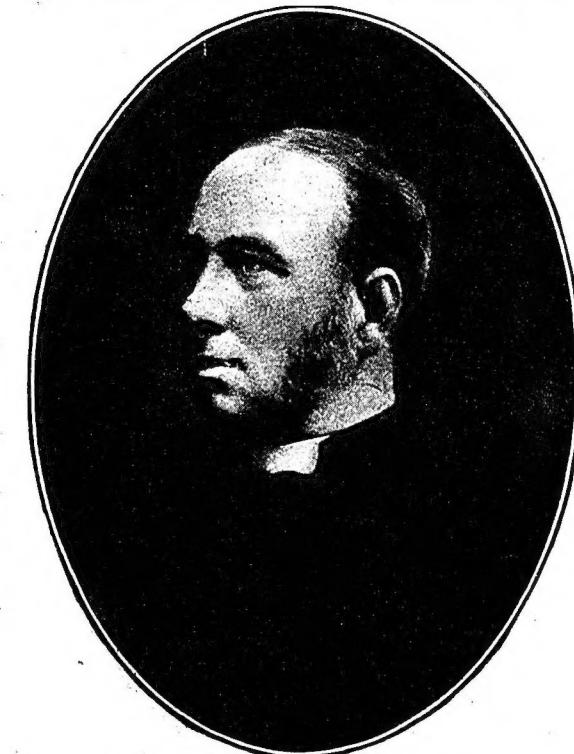
OUR OBITUARY includes the death, at the age of seventy-seven, of the Duchess of Northumberland, who married the present Duke in 1845. She was the eldest daughter and heiress of the late Henry Drummond, the banker and M.P.—well known for his wit and eccentricity,—by Lady Henrietta Hay-Drummond, daughter of the ninth Earl of Kinnoul. Her father was one of the staunchest friends and supporters of Edward Irving, and her Grace was a member of the so-called Catholic Apostolic Church which was developed out of Irvingism, and which, after his marriage, the Duke of Northumberland is understood to have joined. Her Grace was a very accomplished and a very benevolent lady. She leaves two sons, Earl Percy and Lord Algernon Percy. Also in his sixty-third year, of Sir Peter Tait, late proprietor of the Limerick Army Clothing Factory, the largest contractor in the United Kingdom for the supply of clothing to the British and to several Continental armies, three times Mayor of Limerick, and some twelve years ago an unsuccessful candidate for the Orkney and Shetland Islands; very suddenly, in his seventy-ninth year, of Mr. Nathaniel Clayton, head of the great engineering firm of Clayton and Shuttleworth, Lincoln, which, in 1845, turned out the first of its widely-appreciated portable threshing machines; in his sixty-fourth year, of the Mayor of Ramsgate, Alderman William V. Green, who devoted much time and money to local improvements, and assisted Sir Henry Bessemer in perfecting his process for the manufacture of steel; in his twenty-eighth year, of Mr. Ashurst Morris, son of Mr. John Morris, and son-in-law of Sir John Puleston, M.P., a partner in his father's firm, Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co.; and in his seventieth year, of Mr. James Croll, the author of several remarkable works on geological and astronomical physics, and other scientific subjects, among them "Climate and Time in their Geological Relations," "Stellar Evolution," and, published quite recently, "The Philosophical Basis of Evolution."

To the new volume of the *Portfolio* (Seeley and Co., Limited) Mr. P. G. Hamerton, who is still, we are happy to say, the accomplished editor, contributes an interesting preface, in which he tells us how the idea of this admirable Art-magazine originated, and how it has since been carried out by himself and Mr. Richmond Seeley. Turning to the magazine itself, the contents are as varied and as attractive as in former years. The most interesting series of papers perhaps are those on "The British Seas," written by the editor, Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Purves, and others; and illustrated by a number of artists, living and dead. Then we have "The Highlands of West Somerset," illustrated by Alfred Dawson; and "From Charing Cross to St. Paul's," written in a very pleasant chatty manner by Mr. Justin McCarthy, and embellished with drawings by Joseph Pennell. Among the separate etchings of special attractions, we may mention "A Dutch Interior," by De Hooch; "A Martyr," by J. J. Henner; "David Ryckaert, the Painter," by Van Dyck; "Phidias," by Alma Tadema; "Faithful Hearts," by P. H. Calderon; and "The Ambassadors," by Holbein. Specimens are also given from the works of Constable, of Walter Crane, and of Onslow Ford, the sculptor. Altogether the new series, which opens with this volume, begins very promisingly.

Mrs. Thrale is likely long to remain an interesting figure in eighteenth-century biography because of the sixteen years' kindly intercourse which she maintained with Dr. Johnson. But besides this, she was a bright, witty woman, and had she not been married to a wealthy man, and burdened with all the social cares and responsibilities which riches entail, she might, judging from the specimens which are extant, have had a successful career as a writer of light literature. In this book, "Mrs. Thrale" (Seeley and Co., Limited), Mr. L. B. Seeley has brought together in a compact and readable form an attractive memoir of this gifted lady. It is based in part on the "Autobiography," edited some years ago by the late Mr. Hayward, which was enriched by anecdotes taken from Mrs. Thrale's private diary. A good deal of the latter part of Mr. Seeley's book is occupied with accounts of Mrs. Thrale's Continental journeys (always lively and entertaining) after her marriage with Mr. Piozzi. She was probably really happier with him than with Mr. Thrale, the brewer, who was rather cold and unsympathetic; but all her friends, Johnson and her children included, were very bitter against her for marrying a foreign professional musician. The world in such matters was more prejudiced then than it is now. The book is embellished with nine portraits. We should have liked one of Mrs. Thrale in her younger days, as well as that here given, which shows her in her declining years.

CANON TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A.

THE Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, on whom the Queen has conferred a valuable Canonry in Worcester Cathedral, has been for



THE REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE
[New Canon of Worcester]

many years one of the best-known clergymen in London, where he has occupied the position of Incumbent of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. His published works, "Some Difficulties of Belief," "The Life of the World to Come," "St. George for England," and others, have already passed through many editions. The new Canon has also been long closely connected with the household of the Prince and Princess of Wales as the religious instructor of the three Princesses, all of whom he prepared for confirmation; and he also assisted at the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife. He is Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, and Chaplain of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and has the Jubilee Medal, which was conferred upon him by the Queen, and the Hessian "Alice Medal," which was bestowed upon him by H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.

THE LUXEMBURGERS have given great offence in Germany by their frank opposition to any Germanising sentiments. Originally, the refrain of the National Anthem—the *Peterwon*—ran, "We wish to remain as we are," but when the people suspect their powerful Teutonic neighbour of any designs on their independence, they immediately alter the refrain to "We will not be Prussians." This patriotic assertion has been heard in the Luxemburg streets so often since Duke Adolphus assumed the rule that the German Press complain bitterly of the "insult."

THE JUVENILE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, daughter of the late Crown Prince—who, but for the Salic law, would be heiress to the throne—has just begun her formal education on reaching the mature age of seven. Hitherto the child has lived with her mother, the Archduchess Stéphanie, at the country seat of Laxenburg, but now she is installed in her own apartments at the Vienna Burg, and has her separate Court and tutor. She will be brought up like the ordinary students in the High Schools; while she can already speak French and Hungarian, besides her mother tongue. The "little lady," as she is called, is rather a shy damsel, and looks like an English child, being fair, blue-eyed, and tall for her age.



AGAIN, owing to Christmas and its seasonable accompaniments of frost and snow, there is little to record under this heading. Racing-men, coursers, and football players have nearly all had to join the ranks of the unemployed," and dolefully sing, "We've got no work to do-oo-oo." Even the skaters have had their sport much interfered with by the heavy falls of snow. However, some contests have been successfully carried through. At Heerenveen, in Holland, the local men were victorious in short dashes of a quarter of a mile, but at longer distances J. F. Donoghue, the American champion, proved himself the best of the amateur division, and James Smart, the English champion, the fastest of the professionals. George ("Fish") Smart, the ex-champion, did not compete. For the third year in succession the Amateur Championship of Great Britain, raced for at Lingay Fen, fell to W. Loveday, of Welney. His brother, J. Loveday, was a good second.

Comparisons have lately been made as to the relative speed of cyclists and skaters. For short distances, unquestionably, the wheelmen "have it." A mile in three minutes is champion time for a skater, whereas 2 min. 30 sec. is about the figure for a champion cyclist. But as the distances increase the skater gets more to terms; and in a twenty miles' run we doubt not he would give a good account of himself even with a Parsons or a Mecredy.

TALKING of cycling times, an interesting list of records was published by the *Sportsman* last week. At present the "Safety," with the "pneumatic tire," is unquestionably the fastest machine on the path. By its aid one mile has been ridden in 2 min. 20 3-5th secs., ten miles in 26 min. 41 4-5th secs., twenty in 53 min. 45 2-5th secs., and fifty in 2 hrs. 25 min. 26 2-5th secs.; while 22 miles 620 yards have been covered in one hour, 41 miles 1180 yards in two hours, and 60 miles 1255 yards in three. All these performances were done in September last on the Paddington track.

In spite of the cold, the thoroughbred sales held at Newmarket last week by Messrs. Tattersall attracted a very fair number of spectators and purchasers. The animals offered were for the most part brood mares and stallions, and some good prices were realised. The highest was the 2,200 gs. given by Mr. Hart for Pixie, an eight-year-old mare by Blair Athol—Feronia; but the prices of nearly a dozen other lots ran into four figures. The young Lord Rosslyn was one of the largest buyers, and he evidently intends that the Burghley Park Paddocks shall not decline under his ownership.

All cricketers will rejoice to hear that Sir Edward Watkin's designs on Lord's are not so serious as was at first anticipated. The London extension of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway will, in any case, only touch a corner of the new portion of the historic ground; and not even that if cricketers (who are, as Sir Edward well knows, a powerful force in "both your Houses") offer much objection. In ten years' play, by the way, Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. W. W. Read, and Ulyett, have each scored more than 10,000 runs; Lohmann has taken more than 1,000 wickets, and "W. G." has had nearly 17,000 runs made off those curly twisters of his. Both Attewell and Watson have bowled more than 10,000 overs, of which considerably more than half were "maiden."

Roberts won nine out of twelve matches in his billiard handicap last week, while M'Neil, who started by losing four right off, secured the whole of his last eight games, and finished a good second. Honours were divided between Peall and North last week, each winning one of their 4,500 up spot-barred games; and Dawson, after being nearly caught by Richards, eventually won by more than the 1,000 points (in 8,000) conceded to him.

The Cambridge University Association team had a disastrous tour in the North. Aston Villa beat them by two goals to one, Bootle by eight to none, Blackburn Rovers by three to one, and Preston North End by eight to none. A weak team and hard grounds appear to have been the chief factors in this series of disasters.—Everton, the head of the League, succumbed to Sunderland, the tail, and so gave way to Notts County, who defeated Burnley.



AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY BETWEEN VIENNA AND PESTH is being planned, the journey to take only 2½ hours instead of four hours as at present.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS of the old English Puritans were described somewhat oddly by an Indian student at a recent historical examination. He stated that "the amusements of the Puritans were chiefly Blindman's buff and cat-o'-nine-tails."

A TOUR RIGHT ACROSS AUSTRALIA will be undertaken next March by the Governor of South Australia, who intends to travel from Port Darwin to Adelaide, over the great waste land of the Northern Territory. He will go by rail as far as Pine Creek, and thence continue his journey with camels and horses until he reaches the terminus of the northern railway from Adelaide.

A CONVICT'S PACK OF CARDS is preserved by the Governor of a penitentiary in the Far West, as an example of a gambler's ingenuity. The cards are made out of beef-bones collected from the convict's soup and split to a delicate thinness. The pips are scratched with a pin, and are quite artistically executed. The maker hid his treasures till his time was up and then presented them to the Governor.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, the famous archaeologist, has undergone a serious operation in the ear, and is happily cured of the affliction which has long troubled him. In the Doctor's absence from his labours, his brother-in-law has found two prehistoric mounds on the Isthmus of Corinth, which he asserts to be the tombs of Sisyphus and of Neleus, the father of Nestor. Now the Americans will try their luck at Delphi, having at last raised 16,000/- to buy the site of the ancient city from the Greek Government.

JURYMEN are generally only too glad of an excuse not to serve, so they might take a hint from a filial Chinese resident at Port Darwin, South Australia. He apologised thus to the magistrate:—"Very sorry I am can't not comply of your order as occur the seventieth anniversary the birth of my mother-in-law (white woman, English). It is therefore my duty to go on congratulation with her at the same time, therefore can't oblige you in the least for juror, for which expect my kind regards, an believe me all the same ever to be wishing you all complaints of the season, truly—Ah-Fat."

THE WINTER SEASON IN THE RIVIERA is expected to be particularly good, as the severe weather tempts people to southern climates. Four-horsed coaches will run between Nice and Cannes, while Nice is fast completing a handsome casino or winter-garden, similar to the "Etablissements" at French seaside places. This "Palais de la Jetée Promenade" is built on a pier jutting out from the sea-front, and is in Oriental style, with a fine central-domed hall, serving as winter-garden. A large gallery for concerts and theatricals, reading, and club-rooms, baths, and saunas also form part of the building.

THEATRES

OUR theatres and their performances will doubtless furnish as fruitful a topic of conversation for the next few weeks as they are wont to do at Christmastide; and closely-packed houses and pit and gallery doors besieged by eager crowds will remind us as heretofore that we are in the midst of the playgoing season. But for all this there will be very little to record under the head of "Boxing Night novelties." Mr. Sheriff Harris still adheres to the custom of reserving the Drury Lane pantomime for that hilarious occasion. So, as a rule, do the suburban houses; but the West End theatres generally take Christmas nowadays very much as they take any other time in the dramatic calendar, save that for the convenience apparently of holiday folk who find getting to their homes in the suburbs and environs after a night performance difficult, the arrangements comprise a more than usually liberal allowance of *matinées*. After all, this tendency to make, as the acting managers say, "the old bill do," is a token rather of general prosperity than of flagging enterprise. The "fear of change" which, the poet tells us, "perplexes monarchs," does not much disturb the managerial mind. On the other hand, there is no class of persons who are more deeply impressed with the good old maxim, "Let well alone."

One or two houses have indeed anticipated the holiday time. There is the PRINCE OF WALES'S, where on Saturday afternoon Mr. Savile Clarke's pretty version of Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*, with Mr. Walter Slaughter's music, of which we shall have something to say elsewhere, was successfully launched on Saturday afternoon. There is, moreover, the COMEDY Theatre, where an amusing new version of *Préte-moi ta Femme*, by Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Lestocq, provides a real feast of fun for visitors both old and young. There is the EMPIRE, where a "new grand fairy pantomimic ballet *divertissement*"—to bate no jot of the official description—has been brought out with the title of *Dolly*. But, strictly speaking, the holiday play-going season will commence

These regular dramatic entertainments are, of course, far from exhausting the list of holiday amusements. There are, for example, those great "Variety" theatres, as they are called, the EMPIRE and the ALHAMBRA, with their spectacular ballets and miscellaneous performances, not to speak of the attractions of such popular resorts as the music-halls, the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, GERMAN REED'S, the EGYPTIAN HALL, the AQUARIUM, and MADAME TUSSAUD'S, which is soon to have a formidable rival.

THE KILKENNY ELECTION

SOME of the most exciting incidents of what may be termed the prologue to the Kilkenny election of last Monday took place on December 16th at Ballinakill and Castlecomer. At the former place, two rival meetings were being held in the public square, the leaders in each case standing on a break from which the horses had been removed. On the Parnellite side were Mr. Redmond, Mr. Vincent Scully, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Parnell himself. On the Patriot side were Dr. Tanner and Mr. Michael Davitt. As each party could hear the recriminations and denunciations of the other, the situation presently became too intense for Hibernian human nature. A forest of ash-plants and blackthorn sticks was raised in the air, and a regular good old faction-fight began. Despite his one arm, Mr. Davitt leapt into the fray, and fought like a dragon. Presently, having hewn his way through the opposing crowd, he appeared, with his hat battered and his face disfigured with blows, at the very steps of the vehicle of which Mr. Parnell was the chief occupant. With gleaming eye and haggard look he breathed out words of defiance, and then turned his back on his foes.

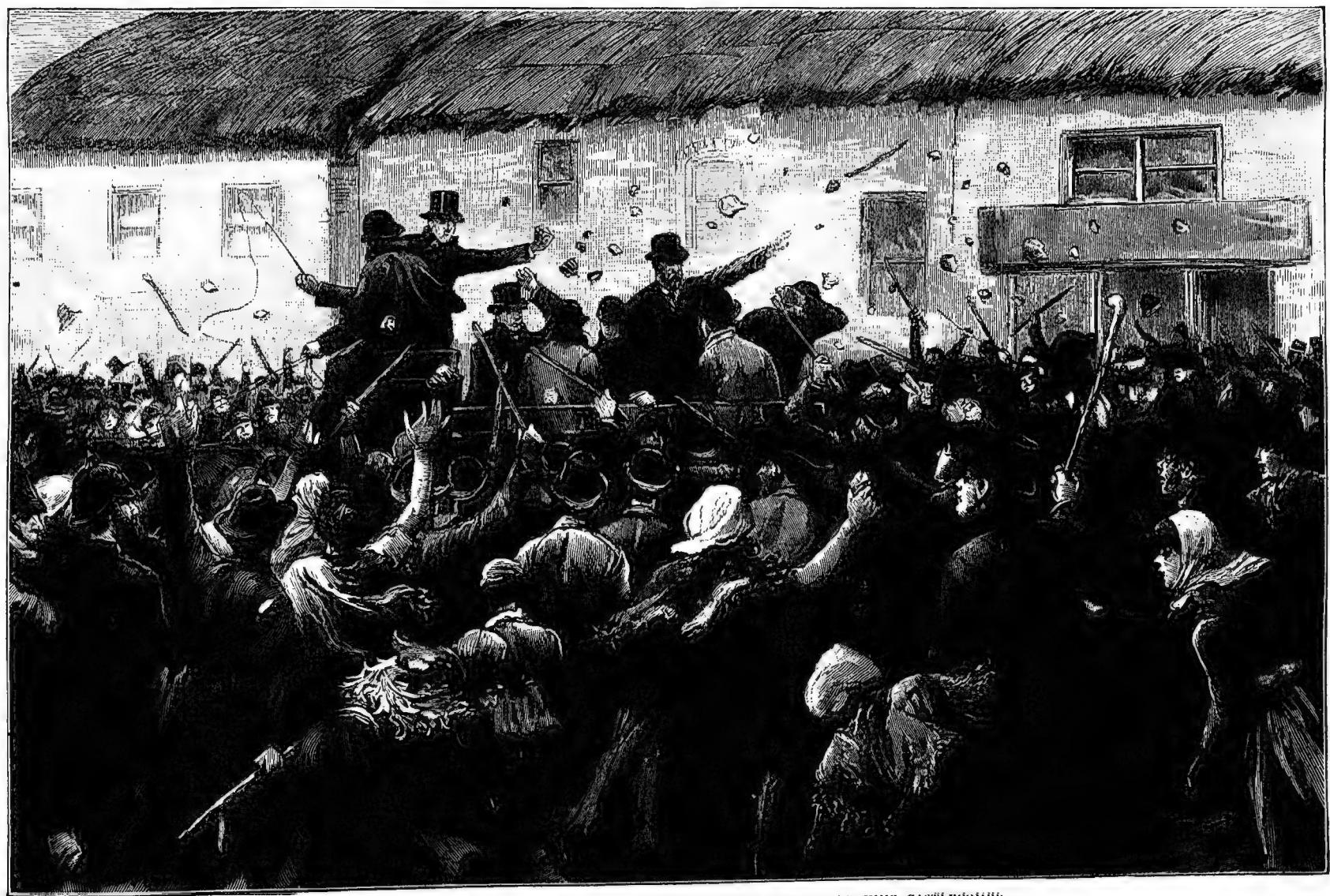
At Castlecomer the two parties again came into collision; there was a good deal of stone and mud-throwing, and, according to the *Times* correspondent, a bag of lime was hurled at Mr. Parnell, striking him full in the face, and causing him intense agony. Mr. Davitt has since declared that there was not a particle of lime in

MISCELLANEOUS.—The death, in his seventy-fourth year, is announced of the Rev. William N. Molesworth, Hon. Canon of Manchester, for forty-five years Vicar of Spotland, Rochdale, who was actively associated from its outset with the co-operative movement as initiated by the "Rochdale Pioneers." He was the author of several works, chiefly historical, the best-known of which, his "History of the Reform Bill of 1832," was highly commended by the late John Bright.—The Rev. William Eliot, Vicar of Aston, has accepted the living of Holy-Trinity, Bournemouth, vacant through the appointment of his brother, Canon Eliot, to the Deanery of Windsor.—According to the new report of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, the average stipend of curates who have been twenty-five years in orders is only £18*l*. a year.—The holding of a Non-conformist Church Congress has been suggested by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

LEGAL

THE HOME SECRETARY has commuted, to a year's imprisonment with hard labour, the very severe sentence of twenty years' penal servitude passed on Walter Hargan, whose story has already been told in this column.

AFTER A PROTRACTED INQUIRY into the suspicious circumstances attending the death, through morphia-poisoning, of Dr. Lyddon, at Faversham, on the 25th ult., the coroner's jury found that the morphia had been feloniously administered to the deceased by his half-brother, Charles Lyddon, who was forthwith committed to Maidstone gaol on a charge of murder, and, having been brought before the magistrates, was remanded. The accused acted as assistant to his brother, who was addicted to drinking, and the two were on the worst of terms. Dr. Lyddon had given his brother a deed of assignment, by which he made over to him his medical practice. The Coroner pointed out that as the deed contained no covenant debarring Dr. Lyddon from practising in Faversham, and as



THE NORTH KILKENNY ELECTION—MR. PARNELL MOBBED WHILST LEAVING CASTLECOMER

when, on Friday evening, the great curtain at DRURY LANE rises on the first scene of Messrs. Yardley and Harris's pantomime of *Beauty and the Beast*. Both HENGLER'S and SANGER'S reopen on the same day with the usual equestrian and acrobatic entertainments mingled with performances approaching as nearly to the character of pantomime as a circus will admit; and, lastly, all the suburban houses, including those which minister to the pleasure of audiences in Stratford, Greenwich, Hammersmith, and Islington will give pantomimes of the old and approved pattern.

Elsewhere our theatres will take their stand upon the incontrovertible maxim that performances which have been prospering on the brink of Christmas are not likely to miss their share of patronage when playgoing is in full force. The choice of entertainment will, at all events, be abundant. *Ravenswood*, which is evidently not destined to rank among the most decided of Mr. Irving's successes at the LYCEUM, will give way on the 5th of January to a revival of *Much Ado About Nothing*, in which Mr. Irving will, of course, resume the part of Benedick, and Miss Ellen Terry that of Beatrice. At the HAYMARKET *Called Back* in like manner exhibits signs of exhaustion. It will not hold out till Mr. H. A. Jones's new play (which, by the way, is to be called *The Dancing Girl*) is ready, but will give way, towards the end of the month, to *Beau Austin*, which will thus receive, for the first time, the honour of being promoted to the regular evening bill. At the GARRICK *A Pair of Spectacles* will go on as usual, as will *The Cabinet Minister* at the COURT, *The Gondoliers* at the SAVOY, *Antony and Cleopatra* at the PRINCESS'S, *Our Flat* at the STRAND, *In Chancery* at TERRY'S, *London Assurance* at the CRITERION, *Carmen Up to Date* at the GAIETY, *Sunlight and Shadow* at the AVENUE, *La Cigale* at the LYRIC, and *The Judge* at the OPERA COMIQUE; while that large class who delight in romantic drama will be amply provided for by *A Million of Money*, transferred from DRURY LANE to COVENT GARDEN, *The People's Idol* at the NEW OLYMPIC, *The English Rose* at the ADELPHI, and *The Pharisee* at the SHAFTEBURY.

the place, and that what really happened was that some women and young girls pelted him with flour and mud. However this may be, the doctors in attendance warned Mr. Parnell that if he persisted in exposing himself to the inclement weather, he might lose the sight of his right eye. Flour could not do this. Who is to be believed? When people's passions are aroused, it is most difficult to get at the truth.

CHURCH NEWS

THE PRIMATE has addressed to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans of his Diocese an admirable pastoral—a veritable Eirenic—a sequel and supplement to his judgment in the Lincoln case. He asks the clergy to consider the vital importance of peace, unity, and charity, without which no impression can be made on the world's tasks which it is theirs to do. He bids them consider the ruling principle of St. Paul's life and doctrine, that all that is lawful is not expedient, and, therefore, to abstain not only from the parade of their convictions, but from the very use of them, when surrounded by eyes that would be pained and spirits that would suffer at sight of what seemed to them dangerous advance. As regards particular observances, which the recent judgment has found allowable, the Primate earnestly requests the clergy to make no change in adopting any of them, unless first assured of the practical unanimity of their people in making such change. Even in that case he indicates it to be their bounden duty to provide, especially on the first Sunday of the month, "administration of the Holy Communion, which shall meet in all ways the desire of those parishioners whose sense of devotion seeks and feeds on the plain and quiet solemnities in which they have been reared."

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, in a letter to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans of his Diocese, expresses his thankfulness for being able conscientiously to comply with the Primate's judgment and to discontinue those actions of which he disapproves.

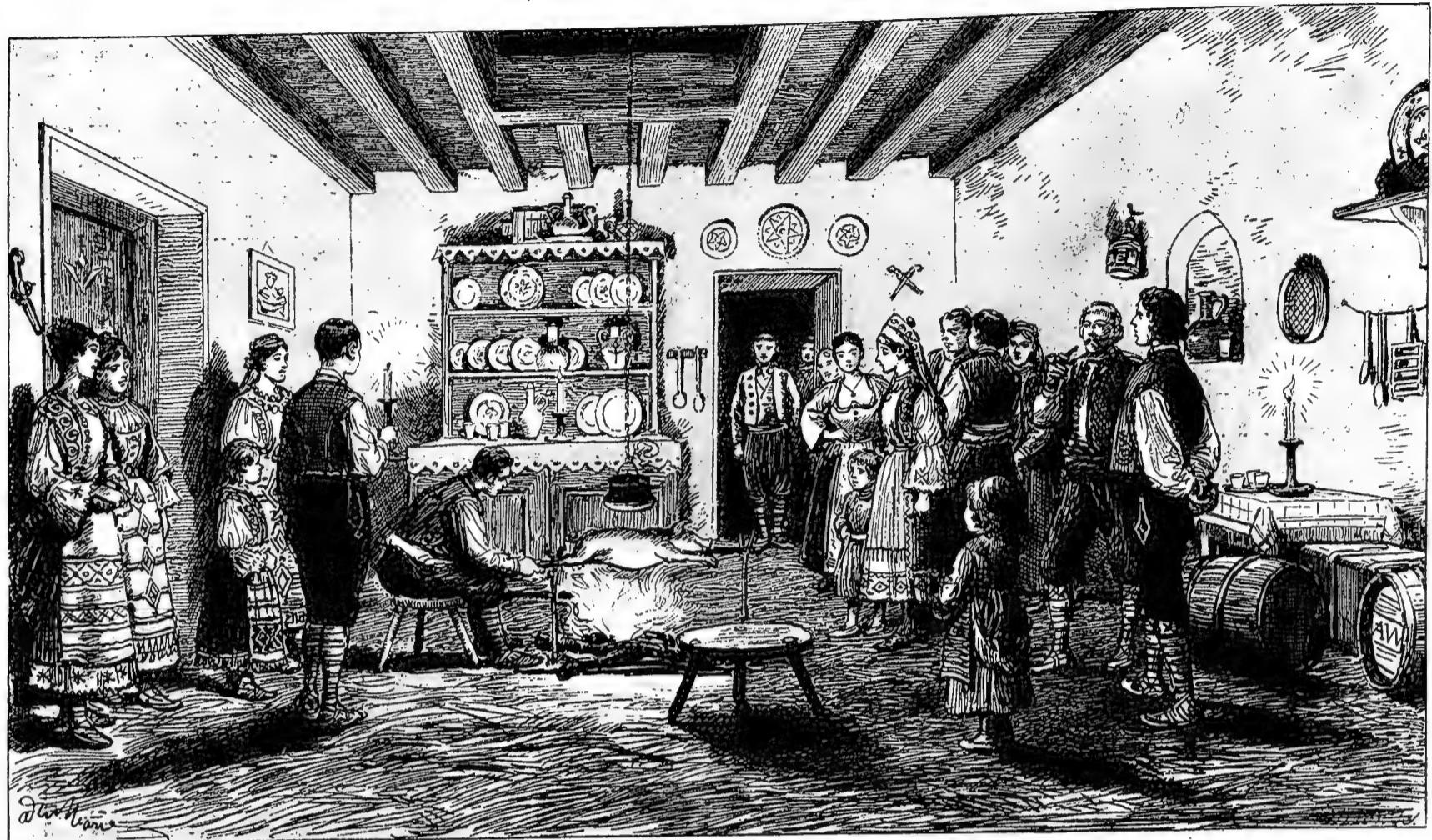
Charles Lyddon was not himself qualified to carry on the business of a surgeon, the practice was unmarketable until Dr. Lyddon died, and therefore Charles Lyddon had to that extent a monetary interest in the death of the deceased.

IN THE PROSECUTION instituted by the Vigilance Society, Messrs. Sutton and Scarborough were found guilty at the County of London Sessions of exhibiting improper pictures at the Rabelais Exhibition, but "not," the verdict of the jury said, "with the idea of corrupting public morals." The prosecutors' counsel stated that they did not wish the defendants to be sentenced to imprisonment, and, at his suggestion, sentence was postponed until next sessions, when the appeal against the magistrate's order for the destruction of certain of the pictures exhibited will be heard. The defendants were admitted to bail.

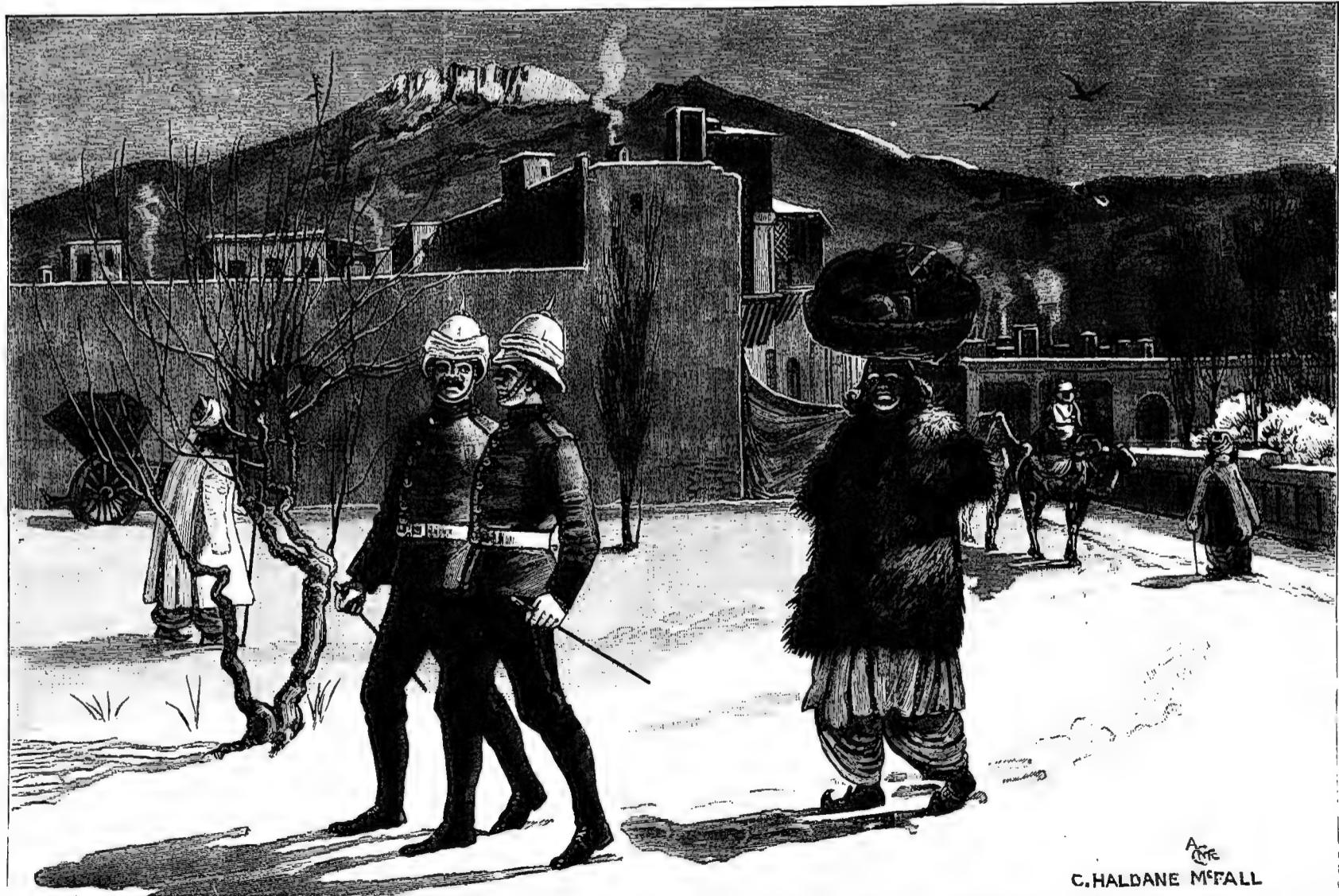
THE BARON VICTOR DE FOCK, a foreign gentleman, took a lease of a suite of "residential" chambers on a fourth floor in Bloomsbury, the lessors agreeing to give him the use of the lifts "between the hours of 10 A.M. and 10 P.M., and at other times without attendants' assistance and at his sole risk." This agreement was only fitfully carried out, and he found on several occasions, when returning to his chambers after 10 P.M., that the water of the hydraulic lift had been turned off, and he could only go to his rooms by the staircase. Accordingly he applied to Mr. Justice Stirling for a declaration that he was entitled to the use of the lift at all hours of the night and morning. The defendants offered to supply water for the lift until midnight, but contended that a use of the lift after that time until 8 A.M. was not a reasonable one. Mr. Justice Stirling thought that the language of the lease was unmistakeably in favour of the plaintiff's view, and granted the application asked for, with costs against the defendants.

DR. PETERS is coming to England on a lecturing tour. He will also address the Geographical Societies of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee.

THE GRAPHIC



CHRISTMAS IN SERVIA—PREPARING THE NATIONAL DISH

C. HALDANE MC FALL
A.C.E.

CHRISTMAS ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER—CATHERING FOR DINNER AT QUETTA



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"I am come with five hundred guineas in gold"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

BY S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER LIX.

A LAST CHANCE

JULIAN was left alone. She watched Anthony depart, till he had disappeared round a turn of the road and a fall of the hill; then she cast herself upon the heather in a paroxysm of agony. She drove her fingers into the bushes of dwarf gorse, and the needles entered her flesh and drew the blood; but she heeded it not. The rough heather was against her cheek, a storm of sobs and tears shook and wetted the harsh, dry flowers. He did not love her! He never had loved her! She had fought against this conviction that, like a cold, gliding snake, had stolen into her heart and dripped its poison there.

Now she could resist it no more. It was not told her by Bessie—it was not a new conjecture formed on certain scribblings on the glass; it had been proclaimed by his own lips, and at a solemn moment when he would not lie—when he was on his way to death.

He had trifled with her heart, and he dared to reproach her! She had loved him before ever he had known Urih, and then he had shown her attention. Had she mistaken that attention for love? Had not her own flaming passion seen in the reflection it called up in him a real reciprocal flame?

After he was married she could not hide from her conscience that she had made a struggle to win back his heart—had disregarded the counsels of prudence and the teachings of religion in the furious resistance she had offered to the established fact that he had been given to another, and belonged to that other.

He did not love her! He never had loved her! And his life had been to her precious only because she loved him, and believed that he loved her.

She drew herself up in the heather; her cheeks were flaming, scratched by the heather branches, and her hair dishevelled. Her great dark eyes were like a storm-cloud full of rain, and yet with fire twinkling and flashing out of it. He was on his way to death. He would be no more in this life to be fought for, to be won by her or by Urih.

"I am glad he is going to die!" she cried, and laughed. Then she threw herself again on the ground in another convulsive fit of sobs.

Urih had won. She—Julian, had dared her to the contest for the prize. Each had come off ill; but Urih had gained the object—gained it only to lose it—won Anthony's heart, only to have it broken as her own brain was broken.

"It is well!" moaned Julian, catching at the tufts of heath and

tearing at them, but unable either to break them or root them up. "It is well! I would never have suffered her to regain him. I would have killed her!"

Rage and disappointment tore her, as the evil spirit tore the possessed under Tabor, and finally left her, exhausted and sick at heart. A cool air came down off the moor and fanned her hot cheek, and dried the tears that moistened them.

A few hours—perhaps only an hour—and Anthony would be dead. She saw the gallows set up below Lydford Castle, and Anthony brought forth, in his shirt; his eyes bandaged; his hands bound behind his back. She heard the voices of the soldiers, and the hum of compassion from the bystanders. She saw the rope fastened about his neck, and cast over the cross-tree of the gallows. Then one of the soldiers leaped, and caught the free end of the rope, and began to haul at it. Julian uttered a cry of horror, struggled to her knees, clasped her palms over her eyes, as though to shut out a real sight from them, and swayed herself to and fro on her knees.

The black kerchief, with the jerk, fell from his eyes, and he looked at her. Julian threw up her hands to heaven, and screamed, "My God, save him!"

Then she saw, indistinctly, through her tears, and out of her horror-distended eyes, some one standing before her. She could not see who it was; but, overwhelmed by her terror, she cried, "Save him! Save him!"

"Julian!" said a voice; and it had a composing effect at once on her disordered feelings.

"Bess! O, Bess! is that you? O, Bessie! Do you know? He has given himself up. Anthony! Anthony!" She cowered no more; her bosom laboured, and she bowed herself, with her head in her lap, and wept again.

Bessie put her hand under her arm, and raised her.

"Stand up, Julian. I did not know it; but I was quite sure he would do this. I am glad he has. It was right."

"Bess, you are glad?"

"It is like himself; he has done right. He is my own dear, dear Anthony."

"O Bess!—such a death!"

"The death does not dishonour; to live would have dishonoured. He has done right."

"He has betrayed my love!" gasped Julian, "and I should be glad he died, yet—I cannot bear it. Indeed—indeed, I cannot. O Bess! I would that it were I who was to die—not he. Bess! will they take me and let him go? He has been false to me, and I am true to him."

"He has not been false to you," said Bessie; "he has come to a sense of the wrong course he was engaged in; into which you drew him. But he never was false to you; for he never cared for you. Come! poor unhappy girl. I know how full of sorrow you must be—so must all who love Tony."

"But, Bess! is there no way of saving him?"

Elizabeth shook her head, and said:

"I do not suppose so. It is true that Gloine has got off, and there is a whisper that his uncle saw the captain, and some money passed, but—"

"Oh! if money were all—"

"But, remember, Gloine was only a common soldier, and Anthony was the captain who led the men from these parts. I do not think any money could save him."

"Let us try." Julian sprang to her feet.

"Where is money to be had? Enough, I mean. You know the state we are in."

"But Fox has it."

"Fox!" Bessie considered; then, turning colour, said, "I do not think that even to save Anthony's life I would ask a favour of Fox."

"Then I will. He can and must save Anthony. Where is he?"

"At Hall. He has gone over there; that is why I left, and I was on my way to Willsworthy when I saw your horse; I caught him by the bridle, I knew whose it was, and came in search of you. I feared some accident. But, Julian, I am very certain nothing can be done for Anthony, save by our prayers. I have heard that special orders were issued that he was to be hung. The captain came here on purpose to take and execute him. He cannot, he dare not spare him."

"O Bess!—we will try!"

"Prayer alone can avail," said Bessie, sadly.

"Come with me. Come back to Hall. You must be with me. I will see Fox. He alone can help us."

"I will go with you," said Bessie. "But I know that it is hopeless."

"He must be saved. He must not die!" gasped Julian.

She remounted her horse, mechanically, and Bessie walked at her side.

Julian said no more. She was a prey to conflicting emotions. A little while ago she had wished Anthony's death, and now she was seeking to save it. If she did succeed in saving it, it was for whom? Not for herself. He did not love her—he never had loved her. For Urih—for her rival, her enemy! She knew that Urih was in a strange mental condition. She did not know that she was

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recovered from it. But she gave no heed to the state in which Urith was. She thought of her as she had seen her, handsome, sullen, defiant. That was the girl Anthony had preferred to herself, and she would save Anthony to give him to the arms of Urith, that Urith might take him by the neck, and cover his face with kisses, and weep tears of joy on his breast. Julian set her teeth. Better than he should die than this! But, next moment, her higher nature prevailed. She had loved Anthony—she did love Anthony—and true love is unselfish. She must forget herself, her own wrongs, real or imagined, and do her utmost for him. How could she love him, and let him die an ignominious death? How could she let him die, when, by an effort, she might save him, and bear to live an hour longer? She would feel as though his blood lay at her door.

"Bessie, I cannot stay. You walk. I must ride on as fast as I can. Time must not be wasted. Every moment is important."

Then she struck her horse, and galloped in the direction of Hall. Her hair, wild and tangled, flew about her ears. Her hands were full of gorse-spikes, and every pressure on the bridle made the pain great, but she did not regard this. Her mind was tossed with waves of contrary feeling, and yet, as in a storm, when the surges seem to roll in every direction, there is yet a prevailing set, so was it now. There had been a conflict in her heart, but her nobler, truer nature had won the day.

As she drew up in the courtyard of Hall, Fox came out, and uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing her.

He was in a high condition of excitement. Without waiting to hear her speak, he burst forth into a torrent of complaint.

"I will have the law of them—soldiers though they be, and with a search-warrant, they are not entitled to rob—we have been treated as though we were foreigners, and subjected to all the violence of a sack. They have torn open every cupboard, broken into every drawer and cabinet, thrown the books and letters about—I can find nothing, and what is worst, I cannot lay my hands on the money. To-morrow is the last day, to-morrow the mortgage must be paid, and I know that my father-in-law had some coin in the house. By the Lord! I wonder whether he had the wit to secrete it somewhere, or left it where any plunderer would go straight in quest of it. And he is to be hanged in an hour, and I cannot ask him."

"Fox, it is not true; Master Cleverdon escapes."

"I know he will be hanged, and I do not suppose that set of ruffians will let me see him and find out where the money is. I have searched everywhere, and found nothing but broken cabinets and overturned drawers, account-books, title-deeds, letters, bills, all in confusion along with clothing. It drives me mad. And—unless the money be forthcoming to-morrow, Hall is lost. I have heard that the agent of the Earl of Bedford will offer a price for it—and that there is like to be another offer from Sir John Morris. They would out-bid me. The mortgage must be paid, or Hall lost, and if the old man be hanged to-day, Hall is mine by this evening. It will drive me crazed—where can the money be? He was fool enough for anything—to put it in his cabinet, or in a box under his bed, or in the chimney, tied in an old nightcap like as would have done any beldame. If he has done that—then the soldiers have taken it. Who was to interfere? Who to observe them? They drove all the servants out. They took the Squire in custody, and I was not here. I was at Kilworthy, as you know."

"Fox," said Julian. "It is no matter to me whether Hall be saved or lost. Anthony has surrendered, and the Squire is free."

"Anthony surrendered!" Fox fell back and stared at her, then laughed. "Fore heaven! we live in crack-brained times when folk take a delight in running their heads into nooses. There was my father did his best to get hung, drawn, and quartered. A merciful Providence sent him into the other world with a bullet in his heart, and saved the honour of the family, and made a more easy exit for him. And now there is Tony—runs to the gibbet as though to a May-dance! Verily! there are more fools than hares. For them you must hide the snare, for the fools expose it, cross-piece, loop, and rope, and all complete, and ring a bell and call—come and be hanged! Come!"

"Fox, we must save Anthony."

"Save him? Why, he will not be saved! He had the world before him, and he might have run where he would; now he has gone where he ought not, and must take the consequences. Save him! Let him be hanged. I want his father. I want to know what money he has, and where it is. I can't find the whole amount. I know he has, or had, some hundreds of sovereigns somewhere."

"Fox, you must assist me to save Anthony; we cannot let him die. I will not! I will not! He must not die!" Her passion overcame her, and she burst into tears.

"Pshaw! He is past salvation. If he is in the hands of Captain Fogg, he is in a trap that has shut on him and will not let him go. Besides—nothing can be done."

"Yes, there can. Gloine escaped. His uncle, the rich old yeoman at Smardon, bought him off."

"No money will buy Anthony off. Besides, where is the money to come from?"

"You have some. Fogg let off Gloine, and he will let Anthony off if he be paid a sufficient sum. If he was a rascal in small game, he will be a rascal in great."

"I do not care to have Tony escape; I owe him a grudge. Besides, and that is just as well, his father is not here; what money the old fellow has is hidden in some corner or other, where I cannot find it, unless it has been carried off by those vultures, those rats."

"If this is not available you must help."

"I pshaw! I cannot, and I will not."

"You can; you have a large sum at your disposal."

Fox turned mottled in face. He stared at his sister with an uneasy look in his eye.

"What makes you suppose that?" he said. "It is a folly; it is not true. I am poor as the yellow clay of North Devon. No small sum would serve, and I have but a couple of groats and a crown in my pouch."

"You have the money; you yourself admitted it, two minutes ago. You said that if you could find the money Squire Cleverdon had laid by, you would be able to make up the rest."

"Oh! that was talk! I would mortgage my Buckland estate."

"You have the money. Fox, this is evasive."

"What will satisfy you? Here is a crown, and here two groats, and, by Heaven—there is a penny as well. Take this and go—try your luck with Captain Fogg."

"I will have nothing under five hundred pounds. Fox, you can help me, and you will."

"I have not the coin. If I had I would not spare it. I will not throw Hall away. What is Tony to me? If he puts his neck into the noose, who is to blame if the rope be pulled and he dangles? No; here is the extent of my help—a crown, two groats, and one penny."

"Fox! I will sell you all my rights in Kilworthy. I will make over to you everything I have there—land, house—all—all—if you will give me five hundred pounds in gold."

Fox looked down, considered, then shook his head.

"There is not time for it. By the time we had got the transfer engrossed and signed, all would be over. Fogg won't let the grass grow under his feet, nor the rope rot for lack of usage. No; if there were time, I might consider your offer; but, as there is not, I will not. Let Tony hang: it is his due. He ran his head into the loop."

"Your final answer is—you will not help?"

"To the extent of one crown, two groats, and a penny."

"Then, Fox, I shall help myself."

CHAPTER LX. EXIT "ANTHONY CLEVERDON"

OLD Squire Cleverdon had spent the night in Lydford Castle. The Castle was more than half ruinous; nevertheless, there were habitable rooms still in it, and one or two of these served as prison cells. The walls were damp, and the glass in the windows broken; but it mattered not, he had but that night longer for earth, and the season was summer.

The Squire did not lose his gravity of deportment. He had held up his head before the world when things went well with him; he would look the world defiantly in the face as all turned against him. He knew that he must die. He did not entertain a hope of life; it may almost be said that he was indifferent whether he lived or died. His only grievance was that the manner of his death would be ignominious. It was hardly likely that the news of his capture and of Captain Fogg's threat should reach Anthony. Where his son was he did not know, but he supposed that he had taken refuge in the heart of the wilderness of moors, and how could he there receive tidings of what menaced his father? Or, if the news did reach him, almost certainly it would reach him when too late to save his father. But, supposing he did hear, and in time, what was menaced, was it likely that he would give himself up for his father? His life was the more valuable of the two; it was young and fresh, he had a wife dependent on him, he had an estate—his wife's—to live on; and the old man was near the end of his natural term of life, was friendless, he had cast from him his children, and was acreless, he had lost his patrimony. Anthony would be a fool to give himself up in exchange for his father. What did the Squire care for the scrap of life still his? So little that he had been ready to throw it away; and if the mode of passage into eternity was ignominious, why it was the very method he had chosen for himself at the sawpit. He was an aged ruined man, who had failed in everything, and had no place remaining for him on earth. He did not ask himself whether he had been blame-worthy in his conduct to his children, in his behaviour to Anthony. He slept better that night in Lydford Castle than he had for many nights, but woke early, and saw the dawn break over the peaks of the moor to the east. He would not be brought before the captain and sent to execution for a few more hours. From his cell he had heard and been disturbed by the riot and revelry kept up by the captain and some boon comrades till late.

The morning was well advanced when Julian Crymes rode to the Castle gates, followed by a couple of serving men and laden horses. At her command the men removed the valises from the backs of the beasts and threw them over their own shoulders. The weight must have been considerable, judging by the way in which the men walked under their burdens.

Julian asked for admittance. She would see Captain Fogg. The sergeant at the gate hesitated.

"Captain Fogg was at Kilworthy yesterday in search of papers—my father's papers. I have found them, and bring them to him—correspondence that is of importance."

The sergeant ascended to the room where was the captain, and immediately came down again with orders for the admission of Julian.

Followed by the men, she mounted the stone flight that led to the upper storey, where Captain Fogg had taken up his quarters, and bade the servants lay their valises on the table and withdraw.

Captain Fogg sat at the table with a lieutenant at his side; he was engaged on certain papers, which he looked hastily over, as handed to him by the lieutenant, and scribbled his name under them.

Julian had time to observe the captain; he was a man of middle height, with very thick light eyebrows, no teeth, a blotched, red face, and a nose that gave sure indication of his being addicted to the bottle. He wore a sandy scrubby moustache and beard, so light in colour as not to hide his coarse purple lips. When he did look up, his eyes were of the palest ash colour, so pale as hardly to show any colour beside the flaming red of his face, and they had a watery and languid look in them. His appearance was anything but inviting.

He took no notice of Julian, but continued his work with a sort of sulky impatience to have it over.

Not so the younger officer, who looked at Julian, and was struck with her beauty. He turned his eyes so often upon her that he forgot what he was about, and Fogg had to call him to order. Then Fogg condescended to observe Julian.

"Well," said he, roughly, "what do you want? Are these papers? What is your name?"

"I sent up my name," answered Julian.

"Ah! to be sure—the daughter of that rebel. I know—I know. What do you want?"

"I have come to ask the life of Anthony Cleverdon," she answered. "He does not deserve death: it was all my fault that he joined the Duke. He was no rebel at heart; but I drove him to it. See what a man he is—to come and surrender himself in order to save his old father from death."

"Bah! A rebel! He commanded—a chief rebel! He shall die," answered Fogg, roughly.

"I implore you to spare him! Take my life, if you will. It was all my doing. But for me he never would have gone. I sent him from his home—I drove him into the insurgent ranks. I alone—I alone am guilty."

"And who are you that you plead for him so vehemently?" asked the Captain, his watery eye resting insolently on her beautiful, flushed face. "Are you his wife?"

"No—no; I am not."

"Ah, you are his sweetheart."

Julian's colour changed. "He does not love me. He is innocent, therefore I would buy his life."

"Buy!" echoed the Captain.

"Yes—buy it."

"It cannot be done. It is forfeit. In a quarter of an hour he dies! Look here, pretty miss: I have my orders. He is to die. I am a soldier: I obey orders. He dies."

He put his hand to his cravat and drew it upwards. The action showed how Anthony was to die.

"I have brought you here something worthy of your taking," said Julian, lowering her voice—"documents of the highest value. Documents, letters, and lists—what you have been looking for, and worth more than a poor lad's life. What is his body to you when you have driven out of it the soul? A cage without a bird. Here, in these valises, I have something of much more substantial value."

"Let me look," said Fogg.

"By heaven!" he swore, after he had leaned across the table and taken hold of one. "Weighty matters herein."

Julian gave him the key, and he opened; but not fully. Some suspicion of the contents seemed to have crossed his mind. He peered in and observed bags, tied up.

"Ah!" said he. "State secrets—State secrets only for those in the confidence of the Government. Friswell!" he turned to the lieutenant, "leave me alone for a few minutes with this good maiden. She has matters of importance to communicate that concern many persons high up—high up—and young ears like yours must not hear. Wait till you have earned the confidence of your masters."

The lieutenant left the room.

Then Captain Fogg signed to the soldiers at the door to stand without as well.

"So—matters of importance concerning the Government," said Fogg. "In confidence, tell me all—I mean about these valises and their contents."

"I have come here," said Julian, "to implore you to save the life of Anthony Cleverdon. I am come with five hundred guineas, some in silver, some in gold—some in five-guinea pieces, the rest in guineas; they are yours freely and heartily, if you will but grant me the life of your prisoner."

"Five hundred guineas!" exclaimed the Captain; and his pale eyes watered, and his cheeks became redder. "Let me look."

He thrust his hand into the saddle-bag before him on the table, and drew forth a canvas bag that was tied and sealed. He cut the string and ran out some five-guinea pieces on the table. A five-guinea piece was an attractive—a beautiful coin. James I. had struck thirty-shilling pieces, and Charles I. three-pound gold pieces, but the five-guinea coin had been first issued by Charles II. Noble milled coins, with the shields arranged across and each crowned, on the reverse. Captain Fogg took three in his hand, tossed them, rubbed one with his glove, put his hand into the bag and drew forth more.

"Five hundred guineas!" he said. "Upon my soul, it is more than the cocksparrow is worth. I wish I could do it. By the Lord, I wish I could. Give me up that other bag."

Julian moved another over the table to him.

"Why," said he, "what do you reckon it all weighs?"

"I cannot say for certain; one of my men thought about eighty pounds."

"More, I'll be bound; and mostly gold. Why, how come you by so much down here? You country gentry must be well off to put by so much; and all coins of his late Majesty. You may have been nipped and scraped under Old Noll, but under the King you have thriven. Five hundred pounds! Where the foul fiend did you get it? You have not robbed the Exchequer?"

Julian made no answer.

The Captain continued to examine, rub, weigh, and try the coins; he ranged them in rows before him, he heaped them in piles under his nose.

"Upon my word, I never was more sorry in my life," he said.

"But I can't do it. My orders are peremptory. If I do not hang him I shall get into trouble myself. But I'll tell you what I'll do—give him a silk sash, a soldier's sword-sash, and hang him in that. It's another thing altogether—quite respectable. Will that do?"

After a pause.

"Now look at me," said the Captain; "it is cursed unpleasant and scurvy treatment we gentlemen of the sword meet with. I know very well that such prisoners as we deliver over to be dealt with by the law, supposing they be found guilty and sentenced to transportation or death, will be given the chance of buying off. Why, I've known it done for ten or fifteen pounds. Look at me and wonder! Ten or fifteen pounds into the pocket of this one or that—maybe a Lady-in-Waiting. But here be I—an honest, blunt, downright soldier, and five hundred guineas, and many of them five-guinea pieces, too, that smile in one's face as innocent as a child, and as inviting as a wench, and, by my soul! I can't finger them. Orders are peremptory, I must hang him. 'Tis enough to make angels weep!"

He wiped his watery eyes.

"By the Majesty of the King, I'll do my best for you, saving my honour. I'll hang the old man, the father, and let the young one go free."

"Sir," said Julian, "Anthony will never accept life on those terms."

"Then, by my sword and spurs, I can't help you! But I'll do what I can for you—I will, upon my soul! I'll make him dead drunk before I hang him. Will that do? Then he won't feel Not a bit. He'll go off asleep, and wake in kingdom come, as easy as if he were rocked in a cradle. No unpleasantness at all, and I'll stand the liquor. He shall have what he likes. By Heaven, they're making noise enough outside! Here, help to put this money into the valise. I will call to order."

He set to work and pocketed as many five-guinea pieces as he could, then thrust the rest into the bags.

Having assumed a grave manner, he knocked with the hilt of his sword on the table, and roared to the sentinel to open the door.

He was at once answered. The commotion without had not ceased.

"I will go in. I insist—I must see Captain Fogg!"

"Who is without?" asked the Captain. "Who is that creating such an uproar?"

"It is some one who desires to be admitted into your presence, Captain!" said the Lieutenant. "He says he has been robbed; he claims redress."

"I can't see him—I am busy—State secrets? Very well, let him in."

He changed his order as Fox burst into the room in spite of the efforts of the sergeant and sentinel to stay him.

"Who are you? What do you here?" asked Fogg. "Stand back. Guard, hold his hands. Take him into custody. What is the meaning of this?"

"I have been robbed," said Fox, his face streaming with sweat and red with heat. "I have had my money taken; she has brought it here; she is trying to bribe you with it; she would buy off that fellow; he deserves to be hung. I will denounce you if you take the money; it is mine. You have come here to hang him, and hanged he shall be. You shall not take my money and let him escape." He gasped for breath; he had been galloping, and galloping in a state of feverish excitement and rage. Some time after Julian had left him at Hall, her final remark had occurred to him, "Then I shall help myself," and he asked himself what she could mean by that, what she possibly could do.

Suddenly he remembered his doubts about whether she had seen him in the pigeon-cote, and at once he was overwhelmed with fear. He mounted his horse and rode to Kilworthy, to hear that his sister had left an hour before with servants and horses. He flew to the dovecote and explored the pigeon-holes. Every one had been rifled. Sick, almost fainting with dismay, with baffled avarice and ambition, he remounted his horse, and rode at its fastest pace to Lydford.

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When the room was cleared of all save Julian and Fox, the Captain said, "Now then, what is the meaning of this?" "I have been robbed," said Fox, trembling between apprehension and rage. "My sister has taken advantage of having seen where I keep my money, and has carried it off—therewith to bribe you to let me off"—he turned fiercely at Julian, his white teeth shining, his lips drawn back, and his eyes glittering with hate—"to let off—her lover."

"You are quite mistaken," said Fogg, stroking his moustache. "These saddle-bags and valises contain documents of importance, correspondence of the rebels—"

"They contain my money," screamed Fox—"five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred guineas," said the Captain, and thrust his hand into his pocket, "and some of them five-guinea pieces?"

"Even so. They are mine."

"And you are—?"

"Anthony Crymes. Most people know me as Fox Crymes."

"Captain Fogg," said Julian, "that is false. I do not deny that he was once called Crymes, but he obtained a royal licence to change his name, he is Anthony Cleverdon."

"Anthony Cleverdon!" echoed Captain Fogg. "By the Lord, you seem to be a breed of Anthony Cleverdons down here! How many more of you are there?"

"There are three," said Julian—"the father, the old squire; there is his son, an outcast, driven by his father from his home; and there is the Anthony Cleverdon of Hall, who has assumed the name, stepped into the rights and place of the others and walks in his shoes."

"And, by Heaven!—why not wear his cravat? You swear to this."

"I will swear."

"Come—I must have another to confirm your word."

"Call up the old father, if he be not already discharged."

Fox for a moment was stunned. He realised his danger. He had run his head into the noose prepared for Anthony, and that five hundred pounds had saved Anthony and sold him.

The paralysing effect of this discovery lasted but for a moment. Then he burst forth into a torrent of explanation, confused, stuttering in his rage and fear, now in a scream, then in a hoarse croak.

Captain Fogg rapped on the table.

"Gag him," ordered he, "stop his mouth. We have made a mistake—locked up the wrong man. This is the veritable Anthony Cleverdon, the rebel. Stop his mouth instantly. He deafens me."

Fox—writhing, plunging, kicking, struggling to be free—was quickly overmastered, his mouth gagged, his feet bound as well as his hands. He stood snorting, his eyes glaring, the sweat pouring from his brow, and his red hair bristling.

In another moment old Squire Cleverdon was introduced, looking deadly pale. He had not been released—had not as yet heard that his son had delivered himself up. He looked with indifference about him. He believed he was brought up to receive sentence, and he was prepared to receive it with dignity.

"Old man," said the Captain, "a word with you. Friswell, you may stay. Sergeant, keep at the door. I want a short and direct answer to a question I put to you. Prisoner, do you know that fellow there, with his hair on end and his mouth stopped?"

"I know him very well. I have good reason to know him," answered the Squire.

"What is his name?"

"His name is the same as mine—Anthony Cleverdon."

"And his place of residence?"

"Hall."

"Is he your son?"

"He is my son-in-law; he—"

"Enough. He is your son?"

"Yes; that is to say—"

"Exactly," interrupted Captain Fogg. "I want to hear no more; the lady says the same. Say it again. This is your assert—"

"Anthony Cleverdon, the younger, of Hall," said Julian.

"Sergeant," said Fogg, "is the beam run out?"

"Yes, your honour."

"And the rope ready?"

"It is, your honour."

"Then take this prisoner—Anthony Cleverdon the younger—and hang him forthwith. The two other prisoners are discharged. They were apprehended, or gave themselves up, by mistake. That is the true Anthony Cleverdon. Hang him—at once. He who steps into another man's shoes may wear as well his cravat."

CHAPTER LXI.

EXEUNT—OMNES

ANTHONY was in his cell. He expected every moment to be called forth, and to hear his doom. He was perfectly calm, and thought only of Urieth. He had the half-token about his neck, and he kissed it. Urieth had given it to him: it was a pledge to him that she would ever be heartaching for him, living in the love and thought of him. Time passed without his noticing it.

Steps approached his cell, and he rose from his seat, ready to follow the soldier who would lead him forth to death. But, to his astonishment, in the door appeared Julian, with the lieutenant. Anthony's face darkened, and he stepped back. Why should this girl—this girl who had poisoned his life—come to torment and disturb him at the last hour?

Perhaps she read his thoughts in his face by the pale ray of light that entered from the window; and, in a voice trembling with emotion, she said, "Anthony, you are free!"

He did not stir, but looked questioningly at her. She also was pale, deadly pale, and her whole frame was quivering.

"It is true," said Friswell. "You are free to depart, you and the old man; both are discharged. There has been a mistake."

"I do not understand. There can have been no mistake," said Anthony.

"Come, quick; follow me," said Julian. Then, in a low tone, turning to the lieutenant, she said, "Suffer me one moment to speak to him alone."

"You may speak to him as much as you will," said the young man. "I only wish I were in his place."

"Anthony," said she, "say not another word to any one here. I have delivered you."

"You, Julian! But how?"

"I have bought your life, with gold and—"

"And with what?"

"With—but I will tell you outside, not here. Come, your father awaits you."

"I thank you for what you have done for me, Julian. If I have wronged you in any way hitherto, I ask your forgiveness. Indeed, we have been in the wrong on all sides—none pure, none—save Bessie."

"None, save Bessie," repeated Julian.

"Come with me," she added; after a silence; and he obeyed.

Near the castle stands the weather-beaten church of St. Peter's, with its granite-pinnacled tower. Outside this church, on a tombstone, sat the old Squire. He first had been released, not at all comprehending how he had escaped death; not allowed to ask questions, huddled out of the castle, and sent forth into the street, bewildered and in doubt.

Now, with wide-opened eyes, he stared at Julian and his son as they came to him, as though he saw spirits from the dead.

"He is free, he is restored to you!" said Julian. The old man tried to rise, but sank back on the stone, extended his arms, and in a moment was locked in those of his son.

He could not understand what had taken place. He knew only that both he and Anthony were free, and in no further danger, but how that had come about, and how it was that Fox was in bonds, he could not make out. The reaction after the strain on his nerves set in. Great tears rolled out of his eyes, and he sobbed like a child on the breast of Anthony.

Then Julian told him how that his son had come and had surrendered himself to save his father. The old man listened, and as he listened, his pride, his hardness gave way. He put his hand into that of his son and pressed it. He could not speak, his heart was full.

But how had Anthony escaped? That he could not understand.

Then Julian told how that she had discovered that Fox had a hidden store of gold in the pigeon-cote at Kilworth. She was convinced that this was the money that her father had lost, the money he was conveying to Monmouth at Taunton. Fox must have robbed the coach, robbed his own father, secreted the bags near the place where he had stolen them, and conveyed them by night, one by one, to the pigeon house at Kilworth, where he had supposed they were safe, as the cote was deserted and no one ever entered it, least of all ascended a ladder to explore the pigeon-holes. She, by accident, had observed him, but had not allowed him to suppose that he had been seen.

When Anthony gave himself up, then Julian had entreated Fox to use this money to obtain the freedom of his friend and brother-in-law. As he had refused to do so, Julian had gone home, and taken the gold, brought it to Lydford, and with it had purchased Anthony's freedom.

As they spoke, the sexton passed them, rattling the keys of the church. He took no notice of them, nor they of him. They, indeed, were immersed in their own concerns.

"But," said Anthony, "you said something more to me. You had sacrificed something for me besides the gold. What was it?"

"A life," answered Julian, in a low tone.

Hark! as she said the word, the bell of the church began to toll.

"There is some one dying," said the old man, rising from the gravestone. "Let us pray for him as he passes."

There was a noise of voices in the street, exclamations, heard between the deep deafening notes of the bell.

Presently the old man said. "What did you say, Julian? A life—whose life?"

She did not answer. He looked round. She was gone.

"And what did the Captain mean," he added, "when he said—he who has stepped into another man's shoes must wear his cravat?"

As he looked about, searching for Julian—he saw his question answered; understood why the bell tolled, why the whole of the population of the little place was in the street, talking, gesticulating, crying out, and looking at the topmost window of the Castle.

He who had stepped into Anthony's shoes, assumed his name, occupied his place, was wearing the cravat intended for his neck.

But where was Julian?

That was a question asked often, repeatedly, urgently, and it was a question that was never answered.

A shepherd boy declared that he had seen her going over the moor in the direction of Tavy Cleave. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain.

When the writer was a boy, he was with a party at a picnic at Tavy Cleave, and was bidden descend the precipitous flank to the river to bring up water in an iron kettle. He went down—jumping, sliding, scrambling, and suddenly slid through a branch of whortleberry plants between some masses of rock that had fallen together, wedging each other up, and found himself in a pit under these rocks. To his surprise he there found a number of bones. His first impression was that a sheep had fallen from the rocks into this place, and had there died, but a little further examination convinced him that the remains were not those of a sheep at all. Among the remains, where were the little bones of the hand, was a ring. The ring was of gold and delicately wrought. It probably at one time contained hair, but this had disappeared, and the socket was empty, within the hoop was engraved "Ulalia Crymes, d. April 6, 1665." It was clearly a mourning ring. Now Ulalia Glanville was the last of that family, the heiress who married Ferdinando Crymes, and the day of her burial was April 10th, therefore, probably she died about April 6th in that very year, 1665. And this was the mother of Julian. Can this have been the ring commemorative of her mother worn by Julian Crymes, and does this fact identify the bones as the remains of that unhappy girl? If so she must have either fallen or precipitated herself from the rocks over head, and fallen between these masses of stone, where her crushed body escaped the observation of all searchers, and of accidental passers-by.

As already said in an earlier chapter, the parish church of Peter Tavy has gone through that process which is facetiously termed "restoration," on the principle of the derivation of *Lucus à non lucendo*; restoration meaning, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases—at all events, in Cornwall first, and Devon after—the utter destruction of every element of interest and loveliness in an ancient church. Among the objects on which one of those West of England wreckers, the architects, exhibit their destructive energies are the tombstones.

Now, in Peter Tavy Church, previous to its restoration, there were—in the interest of my story—two tombstones, fortunately transcribed before the wrecker began his work.

Here is one, cut on a slate slab let into the floor:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

ANTHONY CLEVERDON, GENT.,

[Then a pair of clasped right hands]

AND URITH, HIS WIFE,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRESS OF

RICHARD MALVINE, OF WILLSWORTHY, GENT."

Under this stone the corps of them abide
What lived and tenderly did love, and dyed.
Wedlock and Death had with the Grave agreed
To make for them an everlasting marriage bed.
Where in repose their mixed dust might lie.
Their souls be gone up hand in hand on high.

Curiously enough, there was no date to this tomb.

It would appear that for a hundred years the descendants of Anthony and Urith remained at Willsworthy, and then the family became extinct. It would also appear that Hall passed completely out of the family of Cleverdon, the old Anthony Cleverdon, on his death, being entered in the register as "Anthony Cleverdon the

Elder, once of Hall, but now of Willsworthy, Gentleman;" and the date of his burial was 1689, so that he just survived the accession of the Prince of Orange.

It cannot be doubted that the few remaining years of his life saw him an altered man, and that he had discovered that with the loss of Hall he had gained something, as Luke had said, far more precious—the love of his children, and the knowledge how precious it was.

In the floor of the chancel, below the Communion-rails, was another Cleverdon monument, but not one of a Cleverdon of Willsworthy, but of a Rector of Peter Tavy. His Christian name was Luke. We may therefore conclude that Luke from being curate became incumbent of the church and parish he had served so faithfully. Beneath his name stood a second. The inscription ran thus:—"Also of Elizabeth, his true helpmeet, daughter of Anthony Cleverdon, formerly of Hall." There was no mention on it of the marriage with Fox. Below stood the text from Proverbs:—

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

THE END.



"MANY-SIDED NATURE"

RECENT exhibitions of the Royal Water-Colour Society have shown Mr. Albert Goodwin to be one of the most versatile as well as one of the most poetical of English landscape painters. The series of seventy-four drawings now on view at the Fine Art Society's gallery fully justify the comprehensive title that he has given to them. They include sea-coast and river scenes, views in the Swiss Alps, and many drawings made in England, Italy, and Holland, in which picturesque ancient architecture forms an important element; and in each of them he has faithfully recorded his own individual impression of the aspect of the scene under a particular influence of atmosphere and light. In two or three of them—in the small "Sutton Courtney," for instance—the figures have a somewhat artificial appearance, and are not quite in accordance with their surroundings. On the other hand, the drawing of "Lucca" by moonlight, with a procession of monks bearing lighted torches, together with full-toned harmony of colour, has breadth and comprehensive unity of effect. Near this hangs an admirable little study—the best of its kind in the collection—representing a group of picturesque old red-brick buildings at "Abingdon" on a sunny afternoon. Mr. Goodwin's fine sense of colour and power of rendering the more evanescent effects of Nature are well exemplified in "The Righi Unveiling" and "Storm Clearing Off Simplon." Among the most noteworthy of the other works are a delicately-toned and spacious view of the "Monastery of the Madonna del Sasso, Locarno," and an imaginative composition, "The Watchers of the Arctic Night," in which Polar bears are seen prowling about a huge iceberg under a stormy sky illuminated by a rich crimson glow from the sunken sun.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY

ONE of the rooms in this Gallery is now occupied by an interesting series of pictures and studies by a very original and accomplished American artist, Mr. George Hitchcock, who until the present year was quite unknown in England. They have been painted in Holland within the last few years, and all of them are essentially Dutch in character. The large "Tulip Culture," which was seen in the last Academy Exhibition, is in the collection, and there are two or three other works of the same kind, including a charmingly fresh and unconventional little picture of a peasant girl, "Among the Lilies," and a brilliantly coloured but perfectly harmonious study of "A Poppy Field." The other pictures show that Mr. Hitchcock is an artist of wide range, and strongly-marked individuality. In one of them, "The Manger," he has adopted Professor Von Uhde's realistic manner of treating Scriptural subjects, and has depicted the Virgin—the infant Christ in her arms, and a golden halo round her head—seated in a Dutch orchard, with a tulip-garden behind and a picturesque old windmill in the distance. It is distinctly original, and, regarded from a purely pictorial point of view, leaves little to be desired. Together with other good qualities of Art, it is remarkable for its rich and decorative harmony of colour. The artist, however, appears to more advantage in some pictures representing characteristic Dutch figures and landscape as he has himself seen them, and in their true relation to each other. The twilight scene with labourers returning from their work, "Moonrise," and the very large picture of a peasant woman and her children crossing the sandy dunes by hazy morning sunlight, "Maternité," to which a Medal of Honour was awarded at the Paris Salon, are among the most important and best works that he has yet produced.

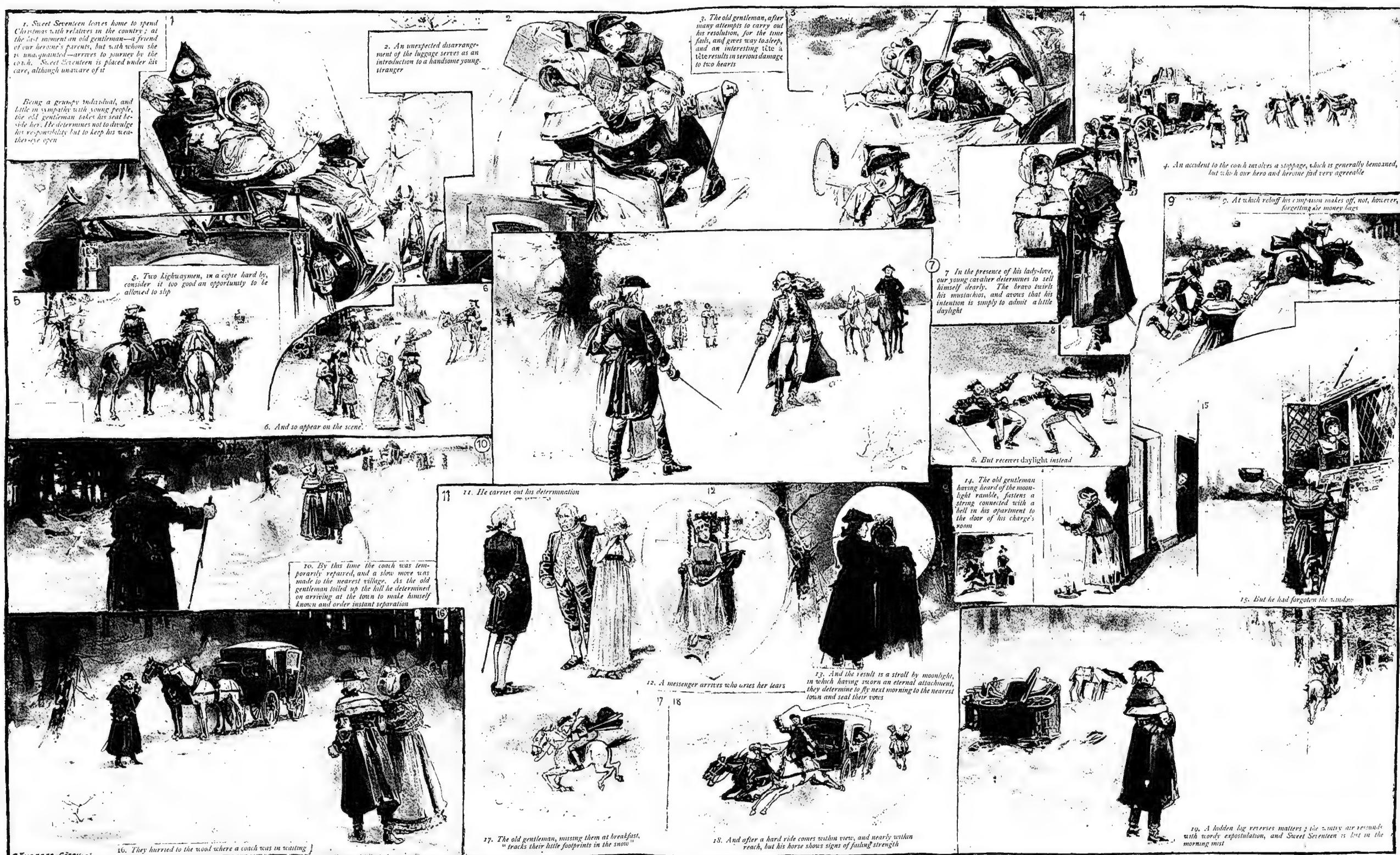
Messrs. Boussod and Valadon also exhibit a collection of small water-colour drawings by M. Boutet de Monvel designed to illustrate their *édition de luxe* of Ferdinand Fabre's "Xavière." These works derive no value from their colour or the manner in which they are executed, and consequently will suffer nothing by being translated into black and white. They seem to be faithful realisations of the scenes described by the author, and the priests that appear in many of them are varied and true types of French ecclesiastical character.

THE ANTI-SEMITIC PARTY IN BERLIN object to a Hebrew tinge even in a great composer. At a reception recently given to their leader, ex-Court Chaplain Stöcker, one of Mendelssohn's works was to be played, but the zealous Jew-baiters would not allow such an Israelitish name to appear in the programme, and altered the item to "Motet," by F. M. Bartholdy."

MANY POOR IN BERLIN DURING THE WINTER try to get into prison to escape cold and starvation. They commit some minor crime in order to obtain a term of imprisonment and thus procure themselves food and a home for the worst of the bad weather. Owing to the severe cold, the Berlin prisons just now are crowded with criminals who have resorted to this expedient.

REMAINS OF THE EARLY ENGLISH CHAPTER-HOUSE of Beverley Minster, Yorkshire, have been unearthed during some drainage excavations. The Chapter-House was octagonal, and evidently of two storeys, resting on a vaulted crypt, as at Wells, Westminster, and Old St. Paul's. This discovery explains the object of the double-arcaded staircase in the north choir aisle wall, which must have led into the Chapter-House.

FASHIONABLE PARISIAN BONBONS for the New Year are bestowed in huge elaborate purses as the novel receptacle of the season. Sometimes the purse is made of Scotch tartan velvet with gold cords, or of "sportsman's corduroy" with multi-coloured cord, or, again, in pale pink and blue silk tied with Louis XIV. ribbon and bunches of flowers. Baskets also hold tempting sweets, the wicker panniers being lined with silks in subdued tints and edged with ruches of velvet, ribbons, and lace—costly trimmings, which can be utilised afterwards by the fair receiver.



THE READER

THERE are shrewdness and cleverness in Mr. John A. Steuart's "Letters to Living Authors" (Sampson Low). The author has read thoroughly and intelligently the writers to whom these amusing epistles are nominally addressed. They are Mr. George Meredith, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. John Ruskin, Mr. James Russell Lowell, Count Tolstoi, Mr. Froude, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. W. Black, Mr. R. Buchanan, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, and Mr. Mark Twain. The following to the first-named author is a fair specimen of Mr. Steuart's manner:—"Your success as a wit and phrase-maker, however, exposes you to a danger which you have yourself well described through one of your characters. You see how easy it is to deceive one who is an artist in phrases. Avoid them, Miss Dale, they puzzle the penetration of the composer. That is why people of ability like Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson (and Mr. George Meredith) see so little; they are so bent on describing brilliantly. Excessive brilliance is rather an unusual complaint, but it is one from which you frequently suffer. You are too witty to be entirely true to Nature, for Nature is rather economical in that respect; and so, though not precisely for the same reason, are most novelists." The book is made more interesting by portraits of all the writers criticised. Altogether it is a pleasant volume of intelligent criticism on much that is worthy of notice in contemporary literature.

When a writer calmly has published a work on "Soul Shapes" (Fisher Unwin), and adorns his book with coloured pictures of "A Surface Soul," "A Blue Soul," "A Mixed Soul," and so on, some persons will imagine him to be a spiritualist or something still more uncanny. That would be a mistake, however. Other people have their own peculiarities in the way of visualising intangible things, and he has his. There is a man, for example, who conceives Monday to be a round blue object, while to another February is oblong and speckled. A gentleman exists, it would appear, in whose mind each number has its individual personality, number one being an egotistical High Church Curate. "My own peculiarity," says the author of "Soul Shapes" complacently, "is seeing people's souls in shapes and colours; and in the hope of provoking comparison I have made coloured diagrams of some of these mental images, and have added a short explanation of what the colours, shapes, and individual peculiarities mean." Though his subject is eccentric enough, the author writes lucidly and naturally, but beyond the queer originality of his principal notion, there is little in the work sufficiently striking to call for critical remark.

Mr. Edwin Hodder is the author of an admirable biography of one of the most remarkable men of the century, "Sir George Burns, Bart." (Hodder and Stoughton). Its subject was not only venerable on account of his great age—born in 1795, he died in 1890—but, as one of the principal founders of the Cunard Company, he accomplished as much as any man for the mercantile supremacy of the country. He also was all through his life, an active Evangelical, the friend of Chalmers and Irving, and a host of other celebrities. Up to the last, Sir George Burns seems to have maintained a wonderful brightness and vivacity, together with extraordinary retentiveness of memory. "Here comes the chiel takin' notes," he would say, laughingly, observes Mr. Hodder, "as I entered his room, and then we would proceed to talk of what he, as a boy of ten, did on the day when the victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, or discuss the day's *Times* and the Parijell Commission." The old patriarch was much pleased with the honour of a baronetcy conferred upon him in 1889. "I knew," said Sir George, "that God would never have allowed it if it should have an evil effect on the welfare of my soul. If it had come earlier in life it might have hindered my spiritual progress." Then, as old memories flashed before him, he added, "How proud my brother, the doctor, would have been if he had lived to see the Barony boy made a baronet." As illustrating how large a span of time three generations may cover, it is interesting to learn that Sir George, who died this year, well recollects his grandfather. This was John Burns, who has left on record, among his early remembrances, the fact that he saw from his father's house the soldiers crowding past with their wounded from the Battle of "Shirra Muir" in the Jacobite rising of 1715. To the shipowning, to the religious world, indeed, to very many sections of English society, Mr. Hodder's biography should prove of absorbing interest.

Those who desire to understand the life and work of the most famous of living Art critics cannot do better than read Mr. Edward T. Cook's "Studies in Ruskin" (George Allen). In the first part of the book the author discusses what Ruskin has written. He remarks:—"Mr. Ruskin has of late years written so voluminously, and on subjects so multifarious, that the accidental and the temporary have been like to overlay what is essential and permanent in his teaching. His writings open a vista into a great forest, but there has been some danger of not seeing the forest for the trees." Mr. Cook, therefore, came to the conclusion that he might in these days of Ruskin Societies and Ruskin Reading Guilds be doing a real service by attempting to set forth what appeared to him the main and essential drift of the master's teaching. His object has been to show such aspects of Mr. Ruskin's public work as are in themselves of public interest, and incidentally throw light on his teaching. The best claim, in the author's view, to honour consists in Mr. Ruskin's case, as in that of all great teachers, not so much in what he has himself done, as in what he has enabled others to think and feel and do. Several chapters in this book originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while a chapter on "The Langdale Linen Industry" is from the pen of Mr. Albert Fleming. The volume is adorned with many illustrations of the first interest to Ruskin worshippers.

Messrs. Eden Remington and Company publish a translation by Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards of "Thoughts of a Queen," by Carmen Sylva. A friend of the translator's told him that the apothegms were better than those of La Rochefoucauld. Such comparisons are worthless. Carmen Sylva does put pithily the result of clear shrewd observation as may be judged from the following:—"In your life's shipwreck you might have saved yourself, but that you were ashamed to seize your plant of safety, and so went to the bottom;" "There is a sort of instantaneous brotherhood between victims of misfortune. When you have been long in mourning you feel attracted by every black-coat you meet;" "Women who meddle with politics are hens who make themselves vultures;" "To strengthen an affirmation men call God to witness, knowing that God will not contradict them."

In the "American Reformers' Series," published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of New York and London, we have "Wendell Phillips, the Agitator," by Mr. Carlos Martyn. Incidentally we obtain an instructive view of the whole progress of the anti-slavery movement in America, which ended in the Civil War. The book abounds in anecdotic touches, elucidatory of Mr. Phillips's character. "In preparing his speeches he went down to the second floor, entered his 'den,' as he called the room where he kept his intellectual belongings, locked the door, and denied himself to every one, sometimes for days, only emerging to eat and sleep. His favourite position when so engaged was to lie on the sofa, where, on his back, he thought his way through and out. He disliked the pen, and a letter from him was a supreme token of his regard. 'Writing,' he used to say, 'is a mild form of slavery—a man chained to an ink-pot.' Another volume in the same series is "Horace Greeley, the Editor," by Francis Nicoll Zabriskie. We are told of Mr. Greeley in his youth that "his moral courage was undaunted in such

matters as ghosts or in the dark, and his self-confidence in speaking or reciting his lessons, or questioning the dicta of teachers and older persons, was absurdly sublime." In later years he is described as having "the face of an angel and the walk of a clodhopper." His dress, when he first came to New York from Vermont, consisted of a shirt and trousers, the former open in front, and with tucked-up sleeves, and the latter very short. In walking the streets he added a straw hat. Still he was sensitive to criticism. "When one of his sub-editors suggested a change in his necktie, which was one of his weakest points, he turned upon his critic with the words, 'You don't like my dress, and I don't like your deportment. If you have any improvement to make, please begin at home.'

We have received from Mr. Harikrishna L. Davé a copy of "A Short History of Gondal." Those who are desirous of studying in detail the history of this Indian State will be able to obtain the work through the Education Society's Press, Byculla, Bombay.

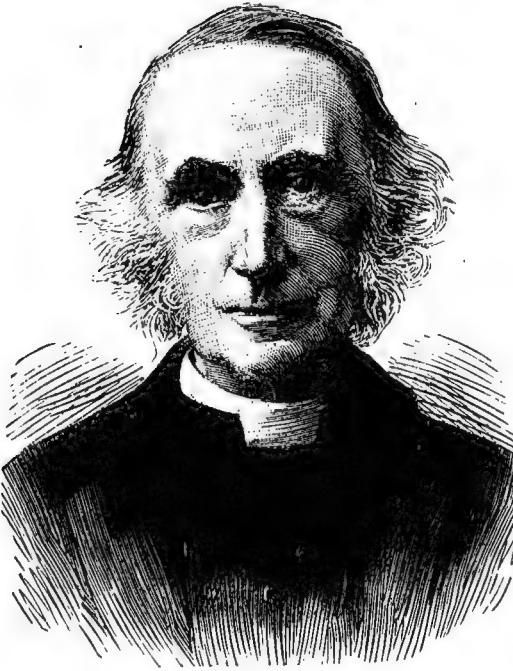
Messrs. Longmans have now published the fifth volume of the cheap edition of Mr. Spencer Walpole's "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815."—In our recent notice of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's works on the neighbouring State, we omitted to mention "South-Western France" (George Allen), which possesses all the merits and good qualities of its companion volumes.—To the body of literature which have dealt with the author of "Lead, kindly Light," must be added Mr. John Oldcastle's "Cardinal Newman: A Monograph" (John Sinkins); "Sayings of Cardinal Newman" (Burns and Oates); and Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "A Short Life of Cardinal Newman" (Ward and Downey).

Mr. Albert B. Bach has issued in an enlarged form an illustrated lecture, recently delivered to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, under the title "The Art Ballad: Loewe and Schubert" (William Blackwood). It is a work possessing much attraction for lovers of music.

A memoir which will be read with pleasure and interest by a large section of the public is "Bishop Rawle" (Kegan Paul), by his executors, the Rev. George Mather, M.A., Rector of Longford, Salop, formerly Vicar of Freehay, and Mr. Charles John Blagg, of Cheadle, Staffordshire. The Bishop's life-work lay largely in Tropical Africa and the West Indies, and consequently this volume has a special value for those concerned in the future of the negro race.

DEAN CHURCH

RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH was born at Lisbon April 25th, 1815. He was a nephew of that General Sir Richard Church who led the Greeks in their War of Liberation. After spending much of his youth in Italy and the South of Europe, he became a student at Wadham College, Oxford, where he gained a First Class in Classics, and two years later an Oriel Fellowship. He took Orders in 1838. Very early in his career he became a frequent contributor to the *British Critic* and the *Christian Remembrancer*, and his articles on St. Anselm and Dante are still remembered with appreciative interest, as well as a paper on Montaigne, published in 1855 in the "Oxford Essays." During the period, however, from 1853 to 1871, when he led the quiet life of a country parson at Whatley, Somerset (where his remains were buried last week), his



THE VERY REV. DEAN CHURCH, D.C.L.
Born April 25, 1815. Died December 9, 1890

pen remained comparatively idle. In the last-mentioned year, on the death of Dean Mansel, he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone to succeed him in the Deanery of St Paul's. Here he introduced many salutary reforms. The services were multiplied; the nave was fitted up for service; great preachers were invited to fill the pulpit; the uniform resources of sacred music were developed; and the disused Chapter House became a place of friendly intercourse between the young men of the City and the Canons. The Dean, who was suffering from a serious affection of the throat, went recently to Dover to escape the London fogs, and died there on December 9th. He leaves a widow and three daughters, one of whom is married to Canon Paget. His only son died three years ago.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Samuel Walker, 230, Regent Street.

RURAL NOTES

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, ENGLAND.—The Royal Society held its winter meeting during Cattle Show week, and passed a series of resolutions reducing the prize list for their 1891 Show, though the list had already been reduced in June of this year. The feeling among agriculturists appears to be one of very considerable exasperation, and it is not too much to say that the Royal Society is now thoroughly unpopular, not only with tenant farmers, who have always resented a council practically limited to landlords, but also with wealthy stock breeders, implement makers, and also with the local authorities of the towns which it has visited. As the Society shows a considerable increase of members on the year, it must either be making the reductions referred to without any reason—which their sharpest critics do not suppose—or else the management is becoming increasingly extravagant and a policy of retrenchment has begun with the necessities, instead of with the luxuries and needless "allowances" of the organisation.

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE into the United Kingdom for the year will not be quite so heavy as we expected at the half-year, yet for eleven months 685,202 animals have been imported,

against only 519,904 in the same period of 1889, and 359,827 in 1888. There is a falling-off in the imports of sheep and pigs.

A RISE IN PRICES FOR CORN does not seem likely before the New Year, be the weather ever so severe. The total amount of wheat and flour in granaries, mills, and bakeries is put at 4,800,000 qrs., or more than double the reserves in the same stores a year ago. At the same time just two million quarters of wheat are on passage and 450,000 sacks of flour. It will take some time to break the back of these accumulations, yet between January 1st and May 1st nearly nine million quarters of wheat will be required. Grain-holding, therefore, may prove a good investment after all, though there is nothing certain about what depends largely on the weather.

IRELAND gets justice at Smithfield if Scotland does not. The recent Show was remarkable for four Irish classes—two new ones. Kerry steers were a very good show, while a very valuable cross between the Aberdeen-Angus and the Kerry has been brought to light. One animal so bred weighed 11½ cwt. when thirty-one months old, and is said to have dressed 70 per cent. of carcase.

THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have made a mistake in attempting to get manures and other agricultural products or fertilisers included under the Drugs Act. It is quite impossible to lay down fixed standards of strength for fertilisers or of germ-making power for seeds; but the agricultural Societies of the different counties, not to speak of the "Royal," have already arranged for advice being supplied and samples inspected by practical analysts who understand exactly what farmers require. To subscribe to one of these Societies and to make use of the analytical department is less heroic than to agitate in Parliament; but it is much more sensible.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, founded in 1731, with which the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland is now incorporated, has its first fat-stock Christmas Show on the 9th inst. To this oldest institution of its kind in the United Kingdom, Mr. James Macdonald, editor and part author of Stephen's "Book of the Farm," has been appointed Superintendent, of whom the duties are very onerous, as they may be said to include much of the work done by Sir Jacob Wilson for the English Royal Society, and for general purposes of Agricultural Science and Control, the new work undertaken by the Board of Agriculture. The last fifteen years' engagements of Mr. James Macdonald, as Editor of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, *Livestock Journal*, and *Farming World*, as traveller and reporter in America as to the supply of food, and just recently in Ireland as to the actual yield of potatoes, has made the man for his important post—a round peg for the round hole.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZES at the Birmingham Fat Cattle Show place in the first rank Her Majesty's farm manager, Mr. Tait, whose good judgment in breeding and feeding animals, under conditions practical to most first-class farmers, has led towards a truly Royal success. Several first prizes, inclusive of the coveted Elkington Challenge Cup were carried off by the noble Windsor herd.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has acquired an excellent likeness of Sir Rowland Hill, presented by his son. The painting is a half-length in oils, life-size.

RELIC-HUNTERS have enjoyed a field-day in Philadelphia, U.S.A., where some descendants of George Washington have sold a number of letters and personal effects of the "Father of his Country." The sale realised nearly 3,000.

VERDI TAKES THE GREATEST PLEASURE in composing his new opera, *Falstaff*, and writes to a friend that for forty years past he has longed to work at a comic opera. Falstaff is a delightful "type of rascal," and "it is a regular amusement to me to write the music. I don't know whether I shall ever finish it, I repeat, I am amusing myself."

SOCIETY BELLES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC now announce their engagement to some favoured swain by wearing a peculiar kind of bracelet, besides the orthodox engagement-ring. These bracelets are miniature copies of heavy ox-chains—emblematic of the coming matrimonial fetters—and may be made either of artistically-wrought iron, silver, or gold.

THE SCHOOL BOARD has caused a plague of crows in northern Norfolk, so say the farmers, who in these days of compulsory education cannot obtain enough boys to scare the crows. Mechanical scarers are no use—the old birds are much too knowing to be deceived by such devices, and they enjoy a really good time amongst the farmers' ricks and crops.

AN INTERESTING MODEL OF NELSON'S OLD "VICTORY" will be included in the forthcoming Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. A full-size half section of the ship is to be constructed, showing the *Victory* as she appeared at Trafalgar, with the historic scene of Nelson amongst the wounded in the cockpit. The relics of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, also, have been lent for exhibition.

THE FAMOUS HISTORICAL FAMILY OF LAFAYETTE has just become extinct by the death of the last representative, M. Edmond de Lafayette, grandson of the great General. He was an enthusiastic Republican, and when reproached with remaining a bachelor and allowing the name to die out, he would reply, "Our name will be for ever associated with the greatest Republic and the most powerful nation the world has ever seen—America."

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS now contain a very interesting inmate, the Malagasy "foussa," or *cryptoprocta ferox*—seen alive in England for the first time. The foussa is a weasel-like quadruped, found only in the island of Madagascar, and naturalists differ whether the creature is half-way between a cat and a genet, or the sole survivor of a group of flesh-eating mammals, the creodonts, which existed many years ago. It is very ferocious and blood-thirsty, and will not only carry off goats, but will attack large beasts and even man. However, the specimen in the Zoo looks very quiet, and has playful ways.

YOUNG KING ALEXANDER OF SERVIA does not lead a very cheerful existence for a lad of fourteen. Nearly all his time is spent in hard study, with military exercise for recreation. He is going gradually through the training for each grade of the army, and has only just been promoted to be corporal. Every afternoon he drives in the Park, and his carriage often passes that of Queen Natalie, but mother and son merely smile, and drive on without exchanging a word. When King Milan accompanied his son, and they met the Queen's carriage, the ex-husband and wife turned ostentatiously away from each other, and the poor young King, anxious to offend neither parent, stared straight before him with a most melancholy expression.

PUBLIC HYGIENE is sadly neglected in Austria, and a recent debate in the Reichsrath has brought to light the deplorable carelessness of local provincial authorities to carry out the plainest rules of sanitary reform. The superior Government commands certain measures for the public health, but the Provincial Diets take no steps to carry them out. The matter is important to English people, as many of the picturesque Austrian districts frequented by British tourists are amongst the most unhealthy—to wit, Styria, Upper Austria, and the Salzburg region. In one year 122,256 persons throughout the Empire died of infectious diseases, which might have been averted by proper precautions. Accordingly, the Government wish to establish sanitary inspectors, and to force the Provincial Diets to action.

DUBLIN

DUBLIN is in some respects a magnificent city; its site is everything that can be desired, and the approach to it from the sea is unequalled by that of any European capital, except perhaps Naples, or Palma, the capital of the beautiful Island of Majorca.

The site itself, though inferior in some respects to that of Edinburgh, is remarkably beautiful, and owing to the changeable character of the climate, the atmospheric effects are charming. The glimpses of the lofty hills, richly clad in emerald and purple, which one sees from the various eminences in the city, are often most enchanting. It is true that the grim and sombre streets look dingy enough with the dull, grey, cloudy sky overhead, and the pitiless rain pouring down in such torrents as it seems only to discharge in Dublin; but, perhaps, five minutes afterwards some gust of wind will drive away the rain-cloud, and the sun will come out with intense brilliancy, bringing into strong relief of light and shadow the various projections of the buildings, and making their roofs and parapets shine like burnished silver, the glorious emerald and purple hills forming a background, and the whole reflected in the wet street and pavement, dazzling one with its intense glare. Then for a time Dublin looks like an enchanted city.

But even apart from such transient glimpses of beauty, Dublin may boast of solid, tangible architectural works such as few cities can show us. The Custom House, the Four Courts, the Bank of Ireland—formerly the Parliament House—and the City Hall—formerly the Exchange—are among the noblest and most complete examples of classical architecture to be met with. The *façade* of the Four Courts with its splendid portico and dome, its well-designed wings, connected by triumphal arches, and arched screen-walls, is a most brilliant and noble design, and worthy of any age or any architect. The Custom House is equally happy and striking, and there is not a single detail, either inside or outside the building, which does not bespeak a highly artistic sense of how ornament should be applied and where withheld. The Four Courts, Custom House, and the Town Hall, are all, for the most part, works of one architect—Gandon, a pupil of Sir W. Chambers. He was born in 1760, and died in 1824. The new Science and Art Museum in Kildare Street, by Sir J. Deane, is an admirable modern example of the same style.

The ecclesiastical edifices in Dublin are by no means equal to the secular ones in point of dignity. The old cathedral, Christ Church, a small but beautiful example of twelfth and thirteenth century Gothic, has recently been completely restored. Christ Church possesses a curious crypt full of modern monuments. In

the nave of the cathedral is the reputed tomb of Strongbow, and the building contains a greater wealth of ancient encaustic tiles than almost any other church in the United Kingdom. St. Patrick's Cathedral is much larger than Christ Church. It contains an old "Holy Well" and many interesting monuments, both ancient and modern, amongst which that recording Dr. Jonathan Swift is probably best known. Of the other ancient churches of Dublin two alone remain, those of St. Audeon and St. Michan; their towers are admirable examples of old Irish work, solid and dignified, but very plain. It is a pity that this style has not been followed, for many of the highly-ornamented modern churches, being built of soft perishable stone, have been brought to premature ruin by the dampness of the climate. The Castle Chapel by Johnstone was erected at a time when Gothic architecture was not well understood, but the interior has a rich and pleasing effect. The Church of St. Bartholomew possesses a lofty and well-proportioned spire, and has the unusual, but striking feature of an open cloister running round it.

The Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine in Thomas Street is a very ornate structure, with a lofty tower. There is a noble but unfinished church building for the Vincentian Order in a part of Dublin called Phibsborough, which if finished according to the original plan, would certainly be the most striking modern ecclesiastical edifice in the city, if not in Ireland. We have already described the Castle in a former article.

Dublin has undoubtedly gained a bad architectural reputation, owing to the meanness of its private houses—the row after row of gloomy, heavy, monotonous dwellings of the upper classes, and the squalid, shabby streets occupied by the lower. In the older portion of the city round about Christ Church and St. Patrick's, the streets and houses are very quaint, picturesque, and full of character, so that the artist, or antiquary at any rate, can overlook the dirt and squalor; but in the more modern portions of the city there is nothing to relieve the uninteresting monotony.

Many of the more modern monuments in Dublin are excellent, and a considerable amount of sculpture is to be seen. The O'Connell monument is certainly a very fine work; the figures at the base are especially noble. In the Catholic Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough Street are several monuments deserving notice, especially a recumbent effigy of a bishop reclining upon a sarcophagus tomb, in the Italian Cinque-Cento style, and a statue by Foley. The statue of William III. erected on College Green is an amusing work of Art. The horse is, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," and its rider might be the real original of "the little fat man who was always laughing." As one of the most precious *grotesques* in Europe, this statue should be carefully preserved.

Our view of Dublin is taken from the top of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine and St. John. The tower was covered with scaffolding up to its summit, which gave a good opportunity for sketching the scene; fortunately, also, the weather was very clear, so that the whole of the bay, with its port, and the grand rock of Killiney, the picturesque hill of Howth, and the beautiful ranges of hills, and the little island called "Ireland's Eye," could all be seen, though rendered more mysterious and beautiful by fitful rain-clouds passing over them.

The Bay of Dublin looked like a great lake. Nearer at hand the Liffey wound its way through the city, looking clear enough from this high point; with the sky reflected in its waters, it had a singularly pretty effect as it passed between the bridges, forming a bright and serpentine bend of silver, against which the gables and chimneys of the old houses, and the towers of the churches and chapels told out, dark and sombre.

In the centre of the view rose the ancient Cathedral of Christ Church, with its walls of black limestone, and its attendant Synod House, and behind it were seen the Bell Tower of the Castle, the spire of the modern Church of St. Bartholomew, and the City Hall crowned with its green-copper dome.

A little more in the distance Trinity College, the Bank of Ireland, the Royal University, and the Park of Stephen's Green were visible. The interesting church of St. Audeon with its picturesque old tower

crowned with the crow-stepped battlements so peculiar to Ireland, but almost swamped by the vast Catholic Chapel of the same dedication towering over it, and near to it the old gateway of the city, called St. Audeon's Arch, added picturesqueness to the foreground. Down nearer to the river, looking more like a brew-house than a church, is seen the oldest Roman Catholic Chapel in Dublin, where, in spite of all penal laws and enactments, mass has probably been said almost without interruption from the Reformation to the present day.

On the opposite bank of the river the grand *façade* of the Four Courts extends itself on a site where, previous to the Reformation, stood the old Abbey of St. Mary, so famous in Irish history.

The numerous buildings of the more modern part of the city may be seen rising in succession street after street. We can distinguish the Rotunda, with the campanile of the Hospital close at hand, the low copper dome of the Metropolitan Church in Marlborough Street, Nelson's Column, O'Connell's Monument, the fine mass of the Custom House, with its graceful and lofty dome, and looking towards the south, a long, but singularly picturesque, old street winds its way past the Roman Catholic church of St. Nicholas to the old Cathedral of St. Patrick, with its massive spire-capped tower and noble buttresses.

In conclusion we must speak of the remarkable politeness and consideration which we received from every person in Dublin from whom we had occasion to ask permission to sketch. Not only was that permission granted on every possible occasion, but the way in which the officials, custodians, and even the poorer classes of the community granted us every assistance, displayed a feeling of genuine politeness which we have frequently found wanting elsewhere. The Lord Mayor's Secretary, for example, went personally round to every public building under the jurisdiction of the city to see that all arrangements were made for our convenience. The builder at St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church positively re-arranged some portions of the scaffolding to make us feel more at our ease, and one of two very poor women who were engaged in a violent altercation said to her adversary: "Whist, Biddy, let's have it out farther down the street; don't ye see we are disturbing the gentleman what's drawing;" and away they went and carried on the quarrel very vigorously some fifty yards further off. Lastly, an exceedingly shabby gentleman took off his hat, and, making a most profound bow, addressed us as follows:—"Sor! would ye take it as a liberty if I was to look at the picture ye are making, as I am greatly interested in works of Art?" In fact, the lower classes of the Irish people seem to take a genuine pleasure in Art, and we have no hesitation in saying that a vast free picture

the school. Perhaps Australian air is healthier in respect of such matters than ours; perhaps the road that leads to, or skirts, the Divorce Court has been too exclusively occupied by ladies, so that masculine guidance is comparatively wholesome change. At any rate, instead of the usual male idiot for whom caps are pulled by a depressing wife and a still more depressing rival, we have a very natural couple indeed, whose happiness, while they are undergoing the necessary and often difficult lesson of being adapted to one another after marriage, is nearly wrecked by the young wife's romantic idealisation of the lady-killer whose solemn selfishness and weakness qualify for the hero of an average lady's novel. The peril of the situation is sufficient to be interesting; and its satisfactory unravelling is natural, and what critics call "convincing." The novel is remarkably well-constructed as a whole; which makes the thousandth revival of the father mistaken for a lover by a jealous husband as unaccountable as it is meaningless and unnecessary. Possibly "Tasma" altered his plot during its development, and forgot to strike out the incident during revision.

The last-named story is not more unlike the normal matrimonial novel than Frank Hudson's "Running Double" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey) is unlike current Irish fiction. It is not political, it is not gloomy, it does not start from the assumption that Ireland and its people are incomprehensible, and lead to the conclusion that they are not worth comprehending. Rather, in its slight and unpretending way, it recalls the period—if little else—when the note of Irish fiction was a punch-like combination of love-making, sport, and fun. The Ireland of to-day, as always, presents almost any aspect which the observer prefers to see. Mr. Hudson's is the Ireland where gallant men make easy and successful love to charming and beautiful girls, win steeple-chases, meet the peasant on his humorous side, and never hear of Home Rule save as a distant echo. All this is very pleasant, and is combined with theatrical pictures taken from the front of the house, which suggest the author's waste of his faculty of observation upon some remarkably ill-managed establishment. The thread of story which connects his sketches is thin, not to say flimsy and conventional; but that is of little consequence. The great point is that he is lively and amusing, and that his principal characters resemble him.

"The Mysterious Stranger; A Romance of England and Canada," by C. H. Thorburn (1 vol.: Digby and Long), will provoke, we fear, many a smile of the kind that authors do not bid for. Mr. Thorburn, however, as an enthusiast for many excellent things and causes, especially Canadian customs and loyalty, for the Volunteer movement, and for the London police, deserves for his good intentions the praise which cannot righteously be bestowed upon his skill

in weaving these materials into a story. Only a colossal deficiency of humour could put together the lovescenes between the bank clerk, Vincent Raymond, and Nora Renshaw, the mysterious stranger. The author has put on seven-league boots to make his step beyond the sublime. The volume, besides the matters we have mentioned, contains a table of contents in this style:—"Chapter II.

—The Volunteers — A Bachelor's Room—Mysterious Stranger—Sealed Package and Sealed Envelope—Kissing—Gone : " an Atlantic voyage, a suicide, and a trial for murder: a list of toasts: an appendix on Americanisms, with special reference to the words "Chestnut," "Rat," and "Fix;" and a letter to the *Yarmouth Gazette*, in which the "Grand Old Flag" is floated loyally. Mr. Thorburn must be puzzled to understand what people mean when they talk of the art of fiction as not being easy.

"Sliding Sands," by Henry Cresswell (Hurst and Blackett), is a slight but interesting anecdote expanded over three volumes with a good deal of ingenuity. After all, much is to be said in favour of those old-fashioned unities of time and place which Mr. Cresswell

has very effectively observed. Nearly all the action is confined to the office of a leading provincial newspaper, and to two or three other rooms in the same town, and covers but some three or four months at the outside. The two plots are also skilfully dovetailed—one, the story of a weak-natured man of talent, whose life, spoiled by a fatally uncongenial marriage, received its *coup de grâce* by a still more fatal, almost inevitable, passion; the other, that of a great newspaper, whose destinies depend as much upon invisible trifles and seeming accidents as if it had been an empire. The *dramatis persona* are cleverly sketched and well contrasted—notably Vera Meredith, a young lady novelist of a type which, we trust, for the sake of the peace of mind of susceptible editors, is not too common; and her unfortunate victim, whom disappointment, vanity, and an empty life, combine to lead, step by step, into the depths of cowardice and folly. The story, if barely told, would seem painful and not a little bitter; but its brightness of treatment gives it, both in perusal and in recollection, a pleasant and bracing flavour.

Lillie Crane is not afraid of those things which most modern novelists, especially if afflicted with a sense of humour, devoutly abhor, and slur over as hurriedly as they can—that is to say, sentimental love scenes. Her "Zebel" (1 vol.: Eden Remington and Co.) is full of them; and they alternate with ecstasies of joy and woe according as the preceding passage has been satisfactory or otherwise. Zebel Mortimer, we are told, had a wonderful power of fascination over man, woman, and dogs; and she was as good and innocent as she was lovely and charming. But she has a pompous, priggish, and ill-conditioned lover, whom she adores in spite of the facts that his "English pride" was hurt by her having had an Arab mother, and that he allowed himself to be clumsily tricked into heartlessly throwing her over without inquiry. However, he as easily let himself be drawn back again; and if Zebel herself was satisfied to have regained her prig, neither we nor the reader can have anything to say. "Zebel" is no doubt rather mawkish for ordinary tastes; but we are far from saying that there is not a considerable circle of readers who will find its insipidities sympathetic and congenial.

STEAMBOATS WILL SOON BE RUNNING ON THE SEA OF GALILEE,—as strange a sight in the Holy Land as the forthcoming railways to Jerusalem and Damascus.

A RAILWAY CONNECTING ASIA AND AMERICA is being planned in Canada. The line would run from the boundary of the United States and British Columbia to Valley Pelly or the Yukon River—the eastern frontier of Alaska, and a car-ferry across Behring Straits to the Asiatic coast would join communication with the projected Siberian railway. Russia is eager to construct the latter line as speedily as possible, and the scheme is being examined in the various Government departments. With this railway open, the Russians hope to extend their trade in Central Asia and to influence China.



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| 1. The Liffey. | 19. Glentart. | 37. The Castle. |
| 2. Richmond Bridge. | 20. Howth. | 38. St. Andrew's Church. |
| 3. Sussex Bridge. | 21. Ireland's Eye. | 39. The Synod House. |
| 4. Four Courts. | 22. Dublin Bay. | 40. Christchurch Cathedral. |
| 5. Presbyterian Church. | 23. Harbour. | 41. The Exchange (City Hall). |
| 6. Jervis Street Hospital. | 24. Bull Wall Lighthouse. | 42. Trinity College. |
| 7. Dominican Church. | 25. Bull Wall. | 43. The Bank (Old Houses of Parliament). |
| 8. St. George's Church. | 26. Polbeg Lighthouse. | 44. Lord Edward's street. |
| 9. Rotunda. | 27. South Bull. | 45. St. Audeon's Church. |
| 10. Catholic Pro-Cathedral. | 28. Irish Town. | 46. St. Audeon's Catholic Church. |
| 11. Nelson's Column. | 29. The Docks. | 47. Adam and Eve Catholic Church. |
| 12. Dredged Railway Viaduct. | 30. The Dodder. | 48. St. Audeon's Arch. |
| 13. O'Connell's (Sackville) Street. | 31. South Wall. | 49. High Street. |
| 14. O'Connell's Monument. | 32. Sandymount. | 50. Corn Market. |
| 15. Amiens St. Station. | 33. Stephen's Green. | 51. St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church, Thomas Street. |
| 16. O'Connell's (Carlisle) Bridge. | 34. Royal University. | 52. St. Nicholas Roman Catholic Church. |
| 17. Custom House. | 35. The Markets. | 53. St. Patrick's Cathedral. |
| 18. North Wall. | 36. Chapel-Royal. | 54. The New Science and Arts Museums and Galleries. |

gallery in Dublin ought to be amongst the future plans for the amelioration of Ireland.

H. W. BREWER

NEW NOVELS

IT seems to have occurred to Max Beresford that "Bonnie Dundee" (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) would be a good title for a novel. So he, or she, makes John Murdoch, the good young surgeon, bear a remarkable resemblance to the portraits of Claverhouse, and considers that the promise of the title-page, with its delusive quotation from Scott's ballad, is thereby fulfilled to the letter. For aught else, the novel might have been as aptly called John Knox or Edward Longshanks. The story (the scene of which is laid at Arbroath) resembles nothing so much as those old-fashioned plays composed by rearranging all the stock sensational incidents of all their predecessors; and the continual emergence of the characters out of one scrape only to fall into a worse—a bad habit kept up till the very end—keeps the reader in a chronic fidget. The mischances, moreover, are without connection or climax. Apart from the story, the novel has its merits. We do not believe in Max Beresford's mill hands; but some of the minor Scots characters are very natural and amusing—such as the pious but far from scrupulous old nurse who is never without a misapplied text of Scripture to justify any sort of proceeding. And even the demerits of the tale are, at any rate, incompatible with dulness—which in itself is equivalent to a recommendation.

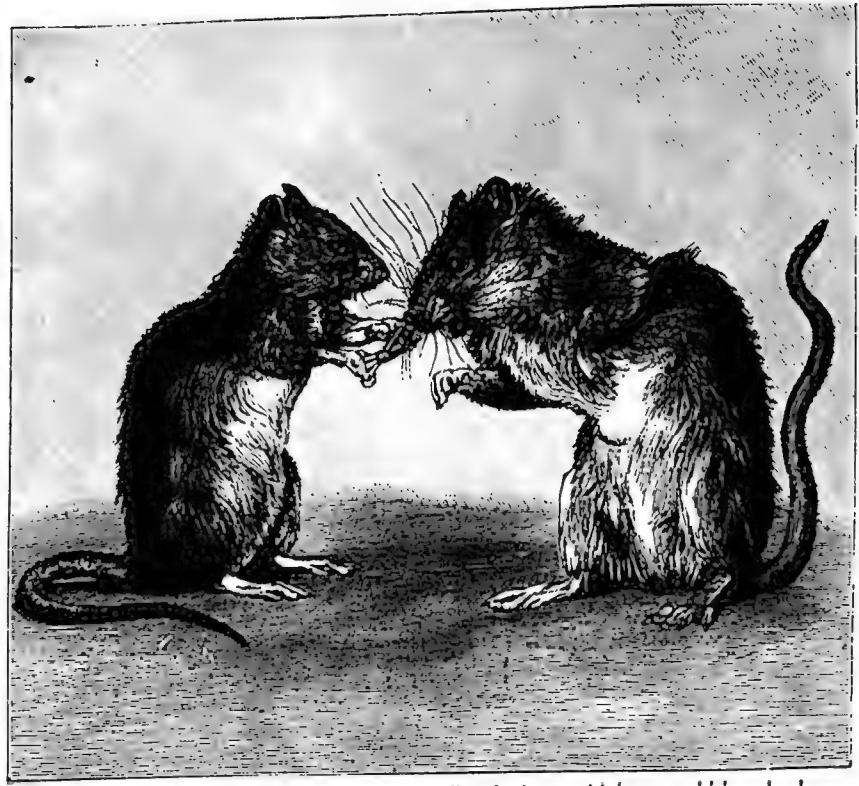
Mr. Farjeon's "Basil and Annette" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) has the effect, and leaves the impression, of a confused dream. No better test of a clear head and a ready memory could be found than, after a single reading, to tell the story in the exact sequence of its incidents; "So she went into the garden" would be child's play in comparison. We will attempt nothing more than to say that it depends upon a case of mistaken identity—an instance of extraordinary resemblance between two persons, without even so much probability as must be allowed to the twinship of the Dromios and their masters, and must depend for acceptance upon the *cause célèbre* of Martin Guerre alone. But then truth may be as improbable as she likes; fiction has no such licence. Mr. Farjeon, however, in "Basil and Annette," allows himself his own licences; and when he finds himself face to face with a difficulty either in portraiture or in style, he lets it conquer him with a mildness which ought to melt the heart of the sternest reader. Anything that occurs to him seems good enough to put down on paper. His account of the production of a newspaper under difficulties is interesting; and his children, who regard the world from a magisterial point of view, are moderately amusing.

We cannot be charged, as a rule, with toleration of the matrimonial novel; but if the follies of married heroes and heroines were always dealt with upon the lines of "In Her Earliest Youth," by "Tasma" (3 vols.: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.), we might be brought gradually round to a more favourable opinion of



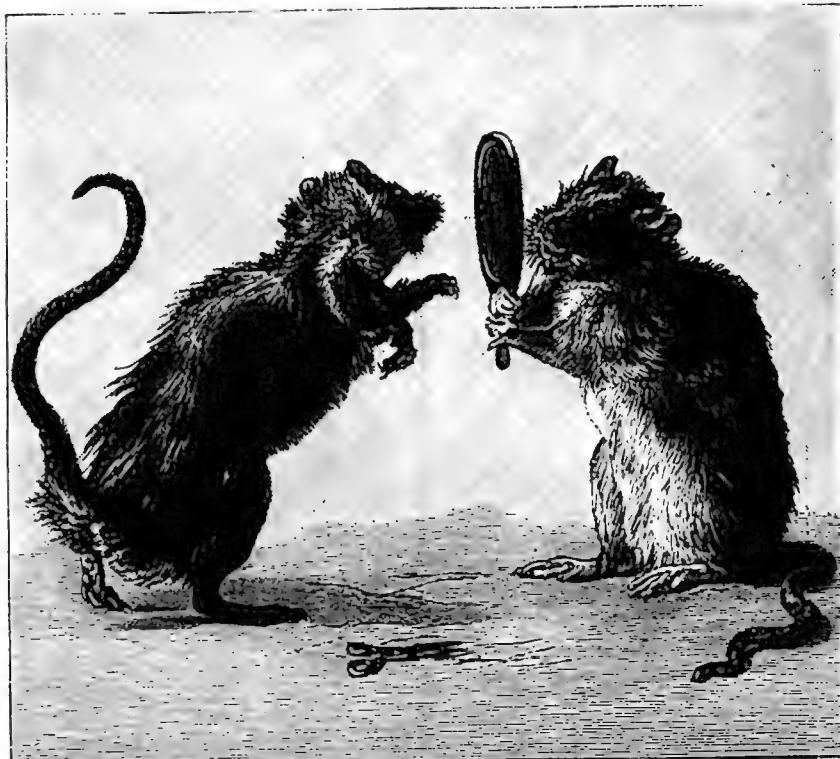
A RAT of beauty here you see,
Invited with his friend to tea;
The friend leans up against the door,
His heart with envy brimming o'er,

Whilst all the various lady friskers
Enraptured gaze on Perfect's whiskers;
He in sweet treble singing low
"The Frog he would a-wooing go."



Now thinks the wicked friend, Killjoy,
How Perfect's beauty to destroy,
Calls the next day, and says outright,
"How well you sang and looked last night;"

But don't you think your whiskers lend
A fierceness to your face, dear friend?
If I might venture to suggest—
I'd cut them off. But you know best."



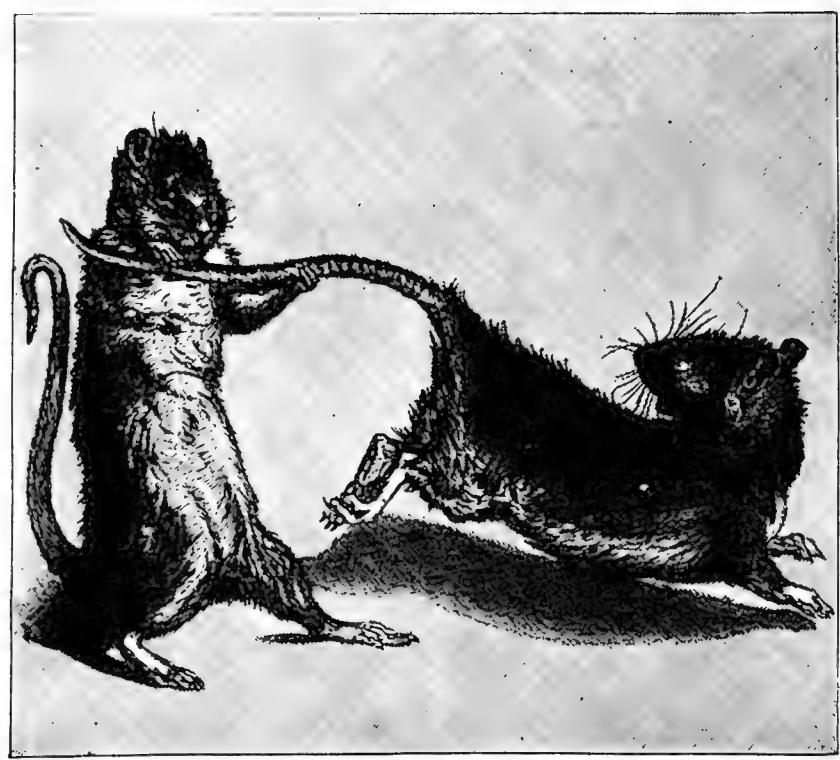
The trusting Perfect gives consent,
Sits still as any monument,
Whilst Killjoy with big scissors shears
The growth and glory of long years.

The deed is done. "Now look within
This glass. How smooth your cheeks and chin.
To see you with that new-born smile
Your fellow-rats would walk a mile."



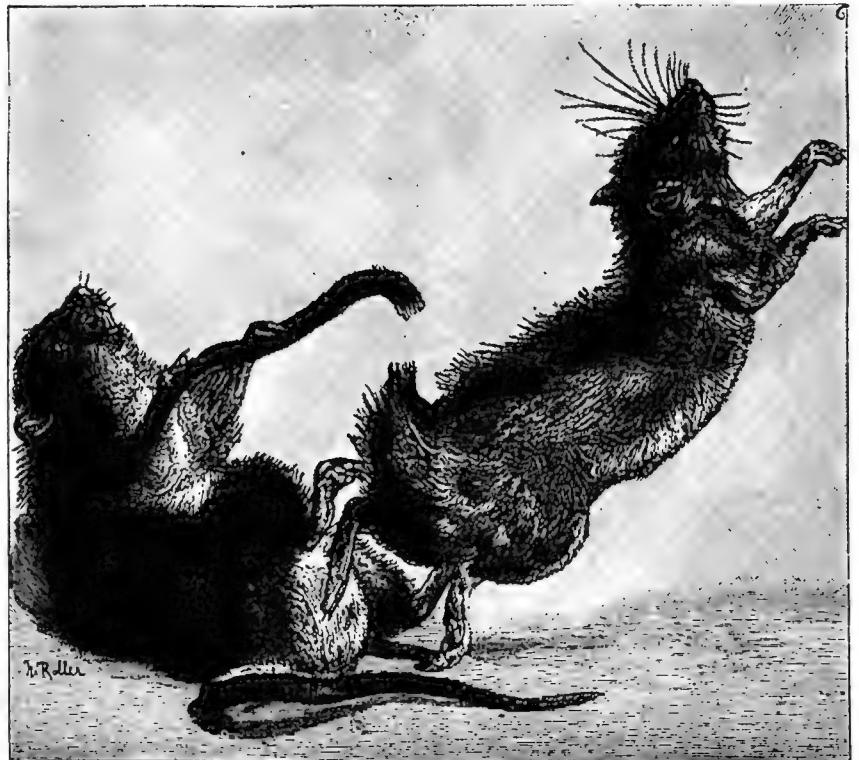
Why, Perfect!—you will set the fashion.
What!—surely you're not in a passion?"
With raging fury in his breast,
Perfect leaps up like one possessed,

Whilst Killjoy in mad terror flies
Shrieking in horrible surprise.
Away—away they tear and race
Through open doors, out into space.



Now Perfect, with his flying feet,
Nears the false friend, not quite so fleet,
Seizes base Killjoy by the tail,
A crack, a snap, a shriek, a wail,

And Perfect holds the latter end—
Triumphant—of perfidious friend.



MORAL—You want a moral? Well, I'll say—
Do not be base, it does not pay.
And, after all, in its totality,
This is the sum of rats' morality.

The Winter "Season"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE social seasons have nothing to do with Nature's changes; little reck they of hard bound ground, of nipping frosts, of the icicle hanging from the eaves, and the silvery branches standing out against the dim grey sky; they take no account of the sweet breath of violets in the hedge and the bleating of lambs that betoken the approach of spring, of the June roses and the wealth of bud and blossom by the river banks, of the exuberant majesty of autumn colouring, or of the chill that creeps over the mist-clad hill at the threatening touch of autumn. No, the social seasons divide the year roughly into two portions, and are bound as in a vice by the stern caprice of Parliament. Those grave senators (or what used to be grave senators, until the eruption of the Goths in the shape of Obstructionists overflowed the stately halls of Westminster) take no account of maidens' longings or matrons' weariness, sport for them exists not; the country's fresh beauties and the gambols of rabbits speak in hieroglyphs, London is all in all to them, and to London the womenkind, the impedimenta of the Romans, must follow. This month, when the shooting season was at its height, and the red coats of the fox-hunters gleamed in brilliant patches between the stems of leafless trees, while the huntsman's cheery notes woke the sleeping echoes of the wood, paterfamilias obdurately issued his commands, and the family migrated to the fog and gloom of town. And town is gloomy in the winter. A heavy black pall seems to obscure the heavens, while the streets are a greasy mixture of slush and mud, resembling the black broth mixed with fiendish delight by the witches in *Macbeth*. Truly London is the fireside town *par excellence*. Scarcely are the lamps lighted and the curtains drawn, the glowing embers stirred, and the kettle bubbling cosily above the tea-tray, than its true life begins. If the summer be more garish, sunnier, a trample of horses and flash of riders, the winter season is more homely, more human. In the wild whirl of excitement, the rush hither and thither for amusement in crowds, in the anxiety and struggle for coveted invitations, stamping the recipient as "smart," where is the time for friendship, where is the leisure for love? A boy and a girl here and there attracted to one another by the subtle magnetism of youth, pursue the modern mode of courtship, sit out in uncomfortable corners and talk amorous slang—"I say, by Jove, you're awfully jolly"—look into one another's eyes with clumsy calf-love, swear eternal fidelity, and forget each other before next season; but for deep attachments, for real self-knowledge, what opportunity is there? Hurry rules and makes the puppet dance to her never-ending spur of rush and wild unrest. In the winter all this is changed. The sittings of Parliament are not so long or so arduous, men may get away to dinner, the minutes are not such rare and valuable money; M.P.'s snatch an evening for the French Play or the Italian Opera, see the new pieces being produced, or go to that much-loved oasis in the gloom and darkness of the city, the Gaiety Theatre. The statesman has a moment to spare to call on an appreciative friend, and over the fragrant cup of tea whisper the latest scandal, or confide the next move of the Ministry. Even scandal, when well and elaborately discussed, is invested with a finer and more pungent flavour. One or two sensational divorce cases or an exciting murder come in for an unusual share of attention, and set the gossips tongues wagging. Those flabby, pale-faced young men, apparently reserved by Nature for a dignified repose, whose sole business in life it is to hear or tell something new, like the Greeks of old, sit in judgment in the Bachelors' or other club windows, or sit from one warm, scented, rose-shaded drawing-room to another with tidings of this engagement or that love-affair. Trifles interest, for there is time to linger over them, and half the pleasure of scandal depends upon that. The girls, too, rejoice, for if they do not hunt (and all women are not Dianas) muddy lanes and long rainy days in the country are apt to pall; whereas in London are given little dances where men abound—soldiers serving their country in London barracks, Foreign Office clerks, barristers, and a shoal of unattached dancing youngsters. The air breathes of gaiety, Mrs. Grundy for once relaxes her vigilance, an absence of formality is cultivated, pleasant little parties and Cinderella dances take the place of heated routs and an exhausted cynical mob. It is possible to amuse one's self where there is room to dance, room to talk, to look about, to flirt. The winter-season flirtation frequently merges into the summer engagement—the little bud of love expands into the beauteous blossom. Cotillon parties, borrowed from America, accompanied by handsome presents and a lavish display of flowers, doubly welcome in contrast to the snows outside, are given by wealthy bachelors, anxious to please some pretty married woman in whose smiles they bask, or to gain for themselves a reputation for Lucullus-like expenditure. Then well-chosen little dinners, not exceeding the Muses or less than the Graces in number, fill up spare hours, and play-parties, where a merry band of young people now adjourn to supper afterwards, are much patronised. Society now resembles far more that of a foreign town, where ease and *abandon* reign; everybody knows everybody, the inhabitants meet naturally each day, the lady has her after-dinner music, and the gentleman his nightly rubber. A good deal of card-playing goes on in London at some houses; as regularly as the lamps are lit the table for poker or whist is set out, and till the small hours of the morning the players are seated, oblivious of the whole world and its cares, so that they hold a flush sequence, mark the king, or have a handful of trumps. While mamma and papa play cards the youngsters whisper together in the corner, sing snatches of the last comic song, or quote the slang phrases the' brothers have borrowed from the *Sporting Times*.

Where women are concerned, too, who can forget the delights of shopping; the warm atmosphere of large emporiums, a welcome change from the cold outside, the tempting velvet hats, with coquettish, impossibly gorgeous birds stuck on one side, the soft, delicious furs, the new colouring of winter gowns, the satins, and velvets displayed in lavish masses before the astonished and entranced eyes of the worshippers? For the devotee of dress worships novelty as the shrine of beauty. Madame La Mode and Monsieur Follet vie with each other in catering for their patrons' magnificence; barbarism, strange harmonies of tone, gold lace, embroidery, *passementerie*, are heaped together in new and wondrous profusion. Never, perhaps, was dress so expensive, so becoming, so artistic, and so maddening. There is something for every taste—for the duchess, the widow, and the washerwoman. Dress is an art—the art of choosing for one's own particular person that costume which is most fitting for one's style of beauty. It is a duty woman owes to Society to look her very best, and only a fool or a fanatic neglects it. Who can doubt that the neat uniform of Mr. Booth's Hallelujah Lasses contributed largely to the effect they produced when massed together in a hall, or preceding the braying band of drums and trumpets as they marched singing through the streets? We are more dependent on the pleasures of the eye than most people think, and many a Frenchwoman who attains a reputation for smartness and beauty, owes it entirely to the becoming science with which she has chosen the shape, the colour, and the materials of her clothes, and the concealed art with which she has put them on.

Should a few moments of *ennui* still creep in between the engrossing occupations of pleasure and duty, there are Art exhibitions, galleries of pictures, winter shows, and concerts of all kinds to fill up the interstices. Sarasate fiddles, and pours into our hearts a

longing for groves of golden oranges, for Andalusian lasses, and serenading lovers; we meditate on bull-fights, and wonder if Carmen still lives in Spain. Exhibitions, too, attract with the meritorious charms of spurious Wild West or East life, of Eiffel Towers, and piles of chocolate. On the walls of Burlington House hang portraits by old masters, and raise in us wonder at the simplicity of their colour, the accuracy of their drawing, and the marvellous effects they produced. How pale, flat, and flabby do our modern works of Art, as a rule, appear afterwards. Saturday Pops, Monday Pops, and Crystal Palace concerts surely form a feast for the hungriest music-lover, while at the Rabelais Exhibition the cynical admirer of the racy old philosopher may hold his sides at the strange and comical doings of greedy Gargantua and heroic Pantagruel, throwing a sigh perchance to the remembrance of Gustave Doré's fertile pencil and the charms of his luscious fancy in the interpretation of Rabelaisian wit. Life is pretty much the same in all countries and among all races where pleasure is the principal aim, and who can deny that pleasure plays a large part in modern society? We have not changed much even now from the days of Lord Foppington. A man or woman of fashion can still say with him, "My life, madam, is a perpetual dream of pleasure that glides through such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, about ten o'clock. I don't rise sooner because 'tis the worst thing in the world for the complexion. . . . Now, if I find a good day, I take a turn in the Parks, and see the fine women, so huddle on my clothes and get dressed by one. From thence to dinner till I go to the play." Not much change here except in the last paragraph, where his lordship adds, "I toast myself drunk and sleep myself sober again." We have changed this, and our season, if one of passion, is at least not one of intemperate delights.

THE PRINCESS MARGUÉRITE OF ORLEANS

THE Orleanists have not been fortunate this year in their public or private life. The unwise intrigue of the Comte de Paris with the discredited General Boulanger injured them greatly with Frenchmen of moderate views; the Duke of Orléans' mock heroic escapade in the early part of the year in presenting himself as a conscript had little or no effect upon his countrymen; and his subsequent behaviour has now caused an additional trouble. The Duke was engaged to be married to his cousin the Princess Marguerite, second daughter of the Duke de Chartres. Every one will recollect the manner in which she consoled him during his not very rigorous imprisonment at Clairvaux. Now, however, the match has been broken off—an event which can hardly fail to cause considerable division among the Orleanists, whose chances of regaining the Throne of France have seldom looked less rosy than they do at



THE PRINCESS MARGUÉRITE OF ORLÉANS
Whose engagement with the Duke of Orléans has lately been broken off

present. Let us hope that the Princess, who is nice-looking, amiable, and accomplished, will have better luck in her next matrimonial venture.

ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS

"OUR CELEBRITIES" for this and last month contain splendid portraits of the Archbishop of York, Lady Monckton, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. F. H. Cowen, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and Mr. Hall Caine, by Walery. The workmanship of this artist's photographs is always admirable, and the pose of the subjects natural and unrestrained. The series forms a very valuable record of the celebrated people of the day.—"Sun Artists" this month is occupied with the works of Mrs. Cameron, and among the reproductions of her photographs included in the number are the excellent studies of Lord Tennyson and Sir John Herschell. The essay on Mrs. Cameron is written by a well-known amateur photographer, Mr. P. H. Emerson.—"Artistic Japan" contains the second part of "The Theatre in Japan," and some beautiful reproductions of Japanese work by native artists. The high standard of the former numbers is fully maintained.—The indefatigable Messrs. Cassell are publishing another of their artistic serials, "The Rivers of Great Britain." The first three numbers are wholly taken up with Father Thames, whose glories have been described and illustrated by many a devotee. But the engravings and the text are so good that all lovers of the Thames will welcome it as the best guide to their favourite river. The etching of Cliefden Woods is altogether charming.—"Notable Women at Home" is a new venture which gives portraits and short biographical sketches of the most celebrated women of the day. The ladies described in the first number are H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Lady Dorothy Nevile, and Mrs. Stannard. The photographs are by Barraud, and are good specimens of his work.—"Society Pictures" from *Punch*, by George Du Maurier, gives us many old friends, who are none the worse for the fact that we first met them some years ago. Perhaps in the centuries to come some antiquarian will write the history of the inimitable Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins from these collections, and reconstruct the middle-class woman of society in the nineteenth century from her sayings and doings, so well do Mr. Du Maurier's sketches record the social history of our times. The second number is even better than the first, but both are full of Mr. Punch's best.—"Beauty's Queens" contains an excellent pastel portrait of Lady Florence Dixie, and phototonies of Miss Ella Russell and Miss Romola Tynte. The letterpress has slightly improved. The "Royal Birthday Number" has a coloured portrait of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and several other excellent portraits.

Messrs. Frost and Reed of the Fine Art Gallery, Clare Street, Bristol, have forwarded two admirable mezzotint engravings by Mr.

J. Finnie, "The Windmill" and "Capel Curig." Both of these works, which are pure mezzotint, are excellent specimens of the art, and worthy the attention of all amateurs. The middle distance of "Capel Curig" is especially good.

Messrs. W. Doig and Co., 175, New Bond Street, have published a magnificent photograph of "Glaucus and Nydia," by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A. The scene chosen is that in which Glaucus places the jewels round the neck of the blind girl Nydia. The work is an admirable one, and shows to what perfection the mechanical reproduction of pictures has been brought.

Not long ago the only maps to be obtained of our Australian colonies were miserable outlines, with a sprinkling of names scattered over them. The keener interest taken by Englishmen in Imperial matters is shown by the publication of "The Royal Atlas and Gazetteer of Australasia," by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. This Atlas contains, in small and handy compass, most excellent maps of the Australian colonies, detailed plans of the principal cities, and a descriptive gazetteer that is full of information. Mr. Bartholomew deserves the greatest praise for this most useful and complete Atlas.

"One-and-Twenty Pages" is a collection of comic sketches by "Thrym," published by David Bryce and Son of Glasgow. The drawings are very spirited, and some of them are amusing.

The first parts of two excellent serials by Messrs. Cassell, "A History of Modern Europe," and "Cassell's Natural History," should also be noticed.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE cannot congratulate Mr. Algernon Sydney Logan on his most recent literary achievement. He has chosen as the heroine of his play the notorious consort of Tiberius Caesar, "Messalina" (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia) is a tragedy in five acts. The only strong character is the disreputable Empress, who coolly, in conversation with her mother, gives as a reason for her outrageous excesses that she is in search of an ideal man who sums up in himself all excellencies. There is a flavour of the later Stuart dramatists about this work, and, as might be expected, apart from the amorous Princess and her lovers, all is flat, stale, and unprofitable. At the same time it is just to add that there is strength and grace in Mr. Logan's style, which, moreover, is further characterised by ease and fluency. Still, merit of this sort cannot make up for the essential defect, the peculiar moral quality of the theme.

An extraordinary poet is Mr. James Joseph Barrett, author of "Poems." "Poems" is bound in brown paper. The author especially wishes "the brown-paper cover" to remind the world of the humility that should characterise a Christian. In contrast with the humility of the cover is the following:—"Believe me not an egotist when I say that Tennyson and Swinburne, and the heap of puny poets, will, after reading my miraculous poems, retire into private life, leaving the field of Poetry to me—the greatest poet on earth, and the poorest." Here is a quotation from this "greatest" and "poorest" of singers." He says of "The Bells":—

Oh, they have a million poets—
A million poets—
A million, million, million, million poets—
At their song within the steeple,
Although they truly know it's
Not understood by people—
Although they *really* know it's
Not understood by people.

Still, in some of the poems there are lines which, being apparently written by a man of some taste and feeling, cause wonder that Mr. Barrett should lavish such astonishing eulogy on himself.

We have received from Mr. Elkin Matthews a copy of a small-paper edition of Mr. John Todhunter's "A Sicilian Idyll; A Pastoral Play in Two Scenes." The author has striven, not unsuccessfully, to catch the spirit of old Theocritus. There is always an air of unreality about these dainty guardians of the flocks as they are presented to us by the votaries of the Muses. Still, Mr. Todhunter's literary *bric-a-brac* is as good as that of most others, and Amaryllis, Thestylis, Daphnis, and Alcander talk in a very pretty well-balanced blank verse. The author has written a graceful masque, and has given it to the world in very neat and appropriate dress.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has made a wise addition to his "Cameo Series" with "Lyrics," sketches from the works of A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame James Darmester). Amongst the rest is that sprightly suggestive poem "To a Dragon Fly," which begins:—

You hail from Dream-land, Dragon-fly!
A stranger hither? so am I.
And (sooth to say) I wonder why
We either of us came.

There are several hitherto unpublished poems by Madame Darmester in the volume.

To Mr. W. Scott's series of "The Canterbury Poets" is added "Women Poets of the Victorian Era," edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Mrs. William Sharp. The volume is dedicated "To My Friend, Mona Caird, the Most Loyal and Devoted Advocate of the Cause of Woman." In the list of ladies from whose works poems are taken, are to be found the names of Harriet Martineau, Sara Coleridge, Caroline Norton, Lady Dufferin, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina G. Rossetti, George Eliot, Mathilde Blind, Amy Levy, Graham R. Tomson, and so on.

A remarkably handsome reprint is "The Song of Hiawatha," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with illustrations from designs by Frederic Remington. The full-page photogravures form a series of beautiful pictures, while the margin of the text is adorned with hundreds of pen-and-ink drawings, which are faithful representations of a large number of actual objects in use among Indian tribes or associated with their life. Most of these objects are mentioned in the poem, but many are not, for the artist was desirous of making this collection of drawings a museum of Indian curiosities. In pursuit of his object he has drawn both from his own large accumulation of material obtained in observations during frequent intercourse with Indian tribes, and from a diligent study of objects as stored in museums or pictured by trustworthy artists. The volume is admirably printed in large, clear type, and most substantially and tastefully bound.

Messrs. Reeves and Turner issue a cheap edition in one volume of "The Earthly Paradise," a poem, by William Morris. It is printed in readable characters and in parallel columns.

MISTLETOE WILL BE PLENTIFUL for Christmas decorations this year. Enormous quantities have been shipped to England from Normandy and Brittany, the produce of the apple orchards. The plant lay in heaps on the quays of Granville and St. Malo; and the latter port is said to ship annually to England as much mistletoe as would balance in weight half the houses of the town.

THE "GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD" still flourish in the United States, and coolly attack tramcars as well as trains, now that coaches no longer afford them sufficient plunder. Two well-dressed men, wearing tall hats and diamond rings, positively terrorised a whole car-full of passengers in Chicago, and carried off all the watches and much money without one person offering resistance. The robbers sprang on the car as it rolled along, and whilst one stood at the door to keep guard with a pistol, the other, also armed, marched up the centre and relieved the victims of their property.

THE GRAPHIC



CHRISTMASTIDE finds Europe fairly quiet and peaceful. Even international complications become less acute in keeping with the traditional season of good will—witness the better understanding between PORTUGAL and Great Britain on African affairs. Now that the latter Government have commanded the South Africa Company to evacuate the Manica district, as the British flag has no right at Massi-Kesse, the Portuguese have quite changed their tone towards England, and are in high hopes that this decision augurs favourably for a satisfactory settlement of the whole dispute according to their point of view. Queen Victoria's reception of the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires in London also gives much gratification. Under these improved circumstances, the military expedition to Mozambique has not been hurried off from Lisbon as intended, but will be organised more efficiently before starting on January 7th. Meanwhile, the disputed region remains tranquil, the British having now released Senhor de Souza, the last of the Portuguese officials seized. Mr. Cecil Rhodes starts this week for England to consult with Lord Salisbury on the British rights in Manicaland. Like Portugal, GERMANY finds African colonisation beset by troubles. It is a sharp disappointment that Emin Pasha should prove a failure in the German service, after the hopes set upon his expedition. But for months past Emin has disagreed both with the Government plans and the Government agents, notably with Mr. Stokes, till, at last, Major Wissman has recalled him from the Victoria Nyanza to the coast for "impeding Mr. Stokes' operations and disregarding orders." In advancing to Tabora on his own authority, Emin was far too adventurous to suit the cautious Teutonic colonial policy, while he further annoyed his employers by wanting more money for his expedition, owing to the desertion of his carriers. Indeed, the Germans in East Africa are far more anxious to make than to spend money, for with the New Year the Customs will levy five per cent. on all goods entering German territory from Zanzibar,—a serious drawback to the British Indian merchants in the English Protectorate. To turn to West Africa, the French Commercial Mission on the Niger under M. Mizon, will now be able to follow their intended route by the Benue River to Lake Tchad, as the Royal Niger Company promise to protect the party throughout their territory. France also has agreed to the new import duties for the CONGO STATE, and it seems probable that Holland will now yield, so that the Brussels Conference will prove a success after all.

GERMANY has little fear of lacking direct heirs to the Throne, for a sixth son has been born to the Emperor and Empress. Emperor William first learnt of his child's birth at the Opera, the event being somewhat earlier than expected, and the manager then announced the arrival of the Prince to the public. This being the first of the Imperial children born in Berlin, much popular enthusiasm has been shown. The Empress and her baby are both doing well, so the Imperial family are keeping Christmas with much festivity, like their subjects, scarcely the humblest home in Berlin being without its Christmas-tree and *Pfeffer-Kuchen*, the German orthodox dainty which matches the British plum-pudding. The children, too, rejoice at the prospect of more interesting lessons in their school, thanks to the Imperial advocacy of educational reform. Henceforward, as Emperor William declared, when closing the Special School Reform Conference, German youth are to be led from Sedan and Gravelotte to Thermopylae, instead of the reverse way, and trained to cope with the demands of modern life.

Of late years FRANCE has kept Christmas with nearly as much spirit as her former chief festival, the New Year, and this winter the holidays are gayer than usual, owing to a general revival of prosperity. The Elysée sets the example of charity by Madame Carnot giving warm clothing to 300 destitute widows and their children, while the President pays their rent for the winter, the juvenile descendants of the Alsatian and Lorraine refugees have their monster Christmas tree, and the working-classes enjoy the New Year's fair on the Boulevards, with its booths full of cheap toys and topical puzzles. But the Parisians were disappointed of the great skating festival which should have been held in the Bois, the heavy snowstorm and thaw spoiling the ice. Throughout the provinces, as in Paris, the weather has continued very severe, causing many deaths from cold, including that of M. Adolphe Belot, the well-known author of novels of a very advanced type. Indeed, the weather has divided public attention with the Gouffre trial, which has proved one of the most sensational cases ever known in France. The fashionable world paid large sums for admission to the Court—much to the disgust of the lawyers, who petitioned for more room and were refused—and were repaid by elaborate dissertations on the present favourite topic, hypnotism, brought forward as the defence of Gabrielle Bompard, Eyraud's accomplice. Indeed, it was even proposed to hypnotise Gabrielle in Court, and the defence was so far successful that the woman obtained "extenuating circumstances" in the verdict of guilty passed on both prisoners, and escaped with twenty years' imprisonment, while Eyraud was sentenced to death. The Court was a perfect bear-garden on the last day of the trial. Meanwhile the Senate worked quietly away at the Budget, but only concluded just in time for both Houses to adjourn for Christmas. The Newfoundland Fishery question is again prominent, now that there is every prospect of the *modus vivendi* being extended to next season. The Council General of the French Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the southern Newfoundland coast, suggest that England should exchange the neighbouring peninsula between the Bays of Plaisance and Fortune in return for obtaining the rights on the French shore of the colony. By this arrangement the French fishermen would gain an excellent ground for bait.

In SERVIA the Government continue sorely perplexed by Queen Natalie. As the contents of her memorandum gradually leak out, public sympathy grows more intense with the Queen, who has touched the right chord in asserting her rights as the mother of an only son. Between their compact with King Milan and the fear of causing their own downfall by harshness towards the Queen, the Cabinet are in an awkward predicament. They have hinted to Queen Natalie that she must leave the kingdom unless she ceases her agitation, and have even gone so far as to threaten shutting her up in a convent.

The Indian difficulty in the UNITED STATES remains unchanged. Though some malcontents have returned to the agencies, accepting the pacific advice of important chiefs, the majority are raiding and besieging the whites in several districts, notably at Daly's Ranch on the Cheyenne River. Strengthened by the remnants of Sitting Bull's tribe, the hostile camp at Badlands is eager to fight; and in readiness, General Brooke and General Miles are planning a simultaneous advance on the camp. Severe weather has set in throughout Virginia, where a terrible storm snowed up trains, embedded houses, and caused much loss of life. Congress expects a message from the President rejecting the pending proposal to submit the Behring Sea Fisheries dispute to arbitration, but the chief Parliamentary interest still centres in the silver question, which is being fought out with fierce party feeling. The Democrats want to prevent any change in the currency before the expiration of the present Congress, while the

Republicans are equally eager to pass their silver schemes before they lose their power in the next House.

MISCELLANEOUS.—RUSSIA has promised to undertake a regular Protectorate over BOKHARA if the Ameer should be endangered by his brother, Katta-Turia, who aspires to the throne.—EGYPT rejoices in a favourable Budget, with a surplus of 500,000/-, after abolishing various taxes. Of this surplus, 300,000/- result from the Conversion, so can only be employed according to the approval of the Powers.—A terrible railway accident has occurred in CANADA. An express from Halifax was crossing a bridge at St. Joseph, opposite Quebec, when a car left the track, and dragged the rest of the train into the street below. Five persons were killed and thirty injured.—In INDIA a second punitive expedition will be sent against the Black Mountain tribes for molesting the British forces during their late autumn operations.



THE QUEEN is spending Christmas in the Isle of Wight with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry and their families. After receiving the Dutch Envoys to announce Queen Wilhelmina's accession, Her Majesty left Windsor with Prince and Princess Henry and the Royal children at the end of last week, travelling through a severe snowstorm and mist. The Royal party attended Divine Service on Sunday in the Private Chapel, where Canon Prothero preached. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived from town in time for Christmas Day, and the usual seasonal festivities took place at Osborne, gifts being presented to the Royal Household and the children on the Royal estate. Her Majesty will stay at Osborne till February 20th, and go to Florence in March.

The Prince and Princess of Wales keep the holiday season at Sandringham as usual, the Duke and Duchess of Fife joining the party. Whilst in town at the end of the week, the Prince and Princess received the Dutch Envoys, and accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to the Princess' Theatre, the Prince of Wales also going to the Comedy on Saturday night. On Sunday they attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Princess and her daughters left town for Sandringham, being followed by the Prince next day. Several parties of guests will be entertained at Sandringham early in the New Year before the Prince leaves on his annual trip to the Riviera.

The Duke of Edinburgh has joined the Duchess and family at Coburg for Christmas, and will bring them back to England about January 7th. Plymouth intends to give the Duchess a hearty welcome on her arrival, and is arranging a ball for the Duke and Duchess' wedding-day, January 23rd.—Prince and Princess Christian and daughters have returned to England, Prince Arlert of Anhalt following later to keep Christmas with his fiancée, Princess Louise.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent a few days in town before going to Osborne, and on Sunday the Duke paraded with his regiment, the Scots Guards, and accompanied them to church, where the Duchess joined her husband.—Princess Louise attended the funeral of Sir Edgar Boehm on Saturday, and afterwards called upon his family.—Empress Frederick and her last unmarried daughter, Princess Margaret, are spending Christmas with Prince and Princess Henry at Kiel.



"THE ROSE AND THE RING."—Thackeray's "Fireside Pantomime," one of the most genially satirical of the author's miscellaneous works, has been adapted for stage purposes by Mr. Savile Clarke, and furnished with appropriate music by Mr. Walter Slaughter. Luxuriously mounted under the direction of Mr. Charles Harris, and played partly by adults, partly by children, it forms at the Prince of Wales' Theatre one of the prettiest of Christmas entertainments "for great and small children." Mr. Savile Clarke, while necessarily writing a good deal of fresh dialogue, and making sundry minor changes in the plot, has managed to present in the leading scenes of the story a series of situations which are familiar enough to us from Thackeray's own illustrations. "Great and small children" can, for example, readily recognise the picture of King Valoroso and his family sitting down to breakfast, the incidents between Gruffanuff and Prince Giglio, and between Betsinda and Prince Bulbo, the dances of the "dirty little child," the situation in which the "middle-aged autocrat" who is flirting with the chambermaid is knocked down flat with the warming-pan, the reprieve on the scaffold of Prince Bulbo, still with the magic rose in his mouth, the challenge and combat, the mock penitence of the two kings, and Giglio's marriage. The incident of the transformation by Fairy Blackstick of the impudent footman into a door-knocker—the living man being hauled up the door in full view of the audience—particularly is managed in the most ingenious fashion. Mr. Slaughter's music, while almost always tuneful and melodious, is not above the means of the juveniles, either on the stage or in the audience; and, besides several songs and other pieces, it includes a capital quintet in the last act, a "Pavane," and a tuneful dance for a party of fairies. A strong cast includes Miss Violet Cameron, a not very energetic Prince Giglio; Miss Attalie Claire, a charming Rosalba; Madame Amadi as Gruffanuff; and Messrs. Monkhouse and Le Hay, who are most amusing respectively as the King and Prince Bulbo.

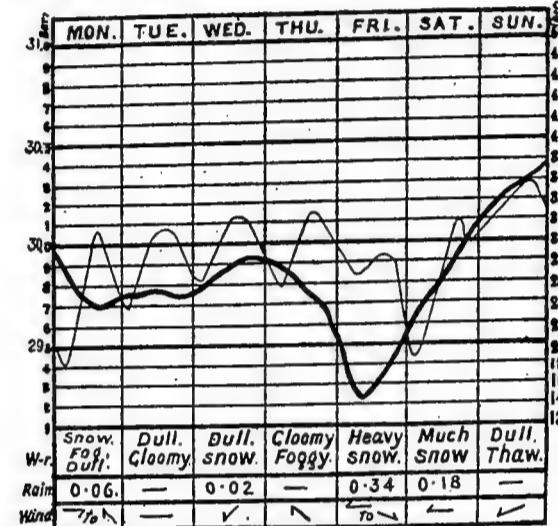
"IVANHOE."—Save that the last act is still in course of revision the finishing touches have now been put to Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*, and the production of the work, which is already in rehearsal, may be expected at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre on or about the 10th prox. The heavier rôles will be divided, each artist playing only three times weekly, in order that the voices may not be exhausted. The principal parts are allotted as follows:—Rebecca, the Jewess, falls to Miss M'Intyre and Miss Thudichum; the heroine, Rowena, to Miss Lucile Hill, and Miss Esther Palliser; Ulrica, the Saxon Witch, to Miss Greebl; the hero, Ivanhoe, to Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. O'Mara; Cedric the Saxon to Mr. F. Davies and Mr. Burges, and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert to Messrs. Oudin and Noije. Mr. C. Kenningham will be De Bracy; Mr. Avon Saxon, Friar Tuck; Mr. R. Green, Prince John; Mr. A. Owen, the Grand Master; Mr. Copland, Isaac of York; and Mr. W. H. Stephens, Locksley. M. François Cellier will conduct, his deputy being Mr. Ernest Ford.

THE CONCERT SEASON.—The Concert season of 1890 closed on Saturday, when the Strolling Players gave their final orchestral concert of the year, the principal item of their programme being Beethoven's Symphony in F. The Popular Concert was given in the afternoon, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé taking part in a Beethoven programme. The scheme included the quintet in C, the sonata in E flat, No. 3 of the set, Op. 31 (miscalled Op. 29), played by Sir Charles Hallé, and the "Kreutzer" Sonata, in which the veteran pianist was asso-

ciated with his gifted wife, Lady Hallé.—On Wednesday last week, the Royal Amateur Orchestra gave a special concert in the presence of the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and in the course of the programme little Max Hambourg played the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor. The scale passages seemed more or less to perplex the young artist, but he gave a very brilliant interpretation of the difficult cadenza written by Rubenstein.—On Thursday, the *Messiah* was attempted at St. James's Hall. The performance was in many respects a slipshod one, and details would be wholly superfluous.—Mr. Richard Gompertz on the same evening gave a concert at which Brahms' string quintet in B flat was played by the Cambridge University Quartet. Schumann's quartet in A, and Beethoven's sonata in G for piano and violin, were performed, Mr. Leonard Borwick being the pianist, and some of Brahms' songs were sung by Miss Lena Little.—On Friday the Kensington Choral Society announced a performance of Mendelssohn's Psalm xcvi.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has relinquished her Russian engagements.—Sir George Grove has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.—For the Chester Musical Festival, which will be held next year on July 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, Miss M'Intyre and Mr. E. Lloyd have been engaged.—The next production at the Prince of Wales' Theatre will be a light opera, *Robin Hood*, by the American composer, Mr. Reginald de Kovin. Mesdames Manola, Claire, and Violet Cameron will respectively play Maid Marian, Anabelle, and Allan à Dale. Mr. Monkhouse will be the Sheriff, and Mr. Hayden Coffin Robin Hood.—The Carl Rosa Company have engaged Fraulein Von Doenhofer and Madame Louise Lablache as contraltos and M. Dimitresco as tenor.—The death is announced, aged sixty-five, of the famous singing master, Mr. Goldberg, a performer at the Royal Academy of Music, and teacher of the Princess Louise, Giuglini the tenor, Brignoli, and Madame Gassier.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Sunday midnight (21st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been of a very unsettled and inclement character in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. Depressions have appeared over various parts of the country from time to time, and have produced cold rain—occasionally heavy—in the West, and snow showers in most other places. Thick mists or fog have again been very prevalent, with continued low temperatures in many places. Bright sunshine has been extremely deficient generally. Temperature has been considerably below the average at all inland places over Great Britain. Minima have again been below 20° in several places, while on Monday, 22nd inst., a reading of 7° was reported from Loughboro, and of 4° at Cambridge. In London the minimum thermometer showed 14°.

The barometer was highest (30°34 inches) on Sunday (21st inst.); lowest (29°23 inches) on Friday (19th inst.); range 1°11 inches.

The temperature was highest (36°) on Sunday (21st inst.); lowest (19°) on Monday and Saturday (15th and 20th inst.); range 17°.

Snow fell on four days. Total amount 0.60 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.34 inch on Friday (19th inst.).

THE ITALIAN FASTING-MAN, SUCCI, has just completed a fast of forty-five days in New York—the longest period of abstinence yet attempted. He subsisted on water and a few drops of his elixir, which is believed to be an opiate.

HELIGOLAND is fast becoming Germanised. The streets have changed their English names for Teutonic titles, "Queen Street" becoming "Kaiserstrasse," "Osborne Street" changing to "Feldstrasse," "Windsor Street" to "Windstrasse," &c.

THE SIOUX INDIANS, who are the originators of the present troubles in the United States, do not support the assertion that the Red man is dying out with the restriction of his freedom and privileges. The first estimate of their numbers seems to have been made by a military traveller in 1764, who enumerated the total strength of the "Sioux of the Meadows" and the "Sioux of the Woods" at 21,500, women and children included. By 1839 they had increased to 23,000, according to a Government report, which states that the Sioux then occupied an extensive region from the Mississippi to the Missouri, bounded eastwards by the Chippewa country, and southwards by that of the Sacs and Foxes. They were, however, migrating west on the tracks of the buffalo, and all the various bands met yearly at a special place on the Missouri. Now the latest estimate of the tribes in the great Sioux Reservation gives the numbers as 27,000, divided between six agencies, the original Reservation having been broken up into smaller districts and a large share opened to the white settlers.

M. DE FREYCINET OWES HIS ELECTION TO THE PARIS ACADEMIE more to his diplomatic and courtly personal qualities than to his literary talents. He is a clear and practical orator and writer, but has produced no very striking works, like, indeed, his fellow-Academician, M. Emile Ollivier, with whom he shares the honour of being the only Premier elected whilst in office. M. de Freycinet occupies the nineteenth seat in the Académie, held first by Balzac in 1834. Another Minister of War, the Duc de Beauvau, sat in it some hundred and twenty years ago. The Académie elections still follow the traditional method. The President—elected for three months at a time—solemnly asks each member whether he has promised his vote, as, if so, he cannot take part in the proceedings. As, however, the candidates have, generally, all called on the Immortals to solicit their support, this ceremony is rather a farce. Still the Academicians always deny any promise and the vote proceeds. The elected one receives no official notification, but hears of his good luck informally through his friends. On the appointed day for his reception, the Académie is packed with all literary and fashionable celebrities of the time; and the fresh Academician, gorgeous in his new coat, with the Academic green palms, appears supported by two sponsors, and reads an elaborate panegyric of his predecessor.

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THE GRAPHIC

NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. BEAL AND CO.—One of the best Christmas Carols which the present season has produced is "Sleep, Holy Child," written and composed by Arthur Whitley, who has caught the spirit of this ancient type of part-song writing.—A new edition of "Watching and Praying," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Ch. Gounod, has just now appeared; this beautiful and truly devotional song has already scored a success; it is published in three keys. There is a very effective violin obbligato to this song.—A meet companion for the above is "Listening Angels," written and composed by F. S. Leftwich and Odoardo Barri. This song will be a favourite in the home circle; an obbligato for the organ or harmonium has a good effect when available, but can be dispensed with.—A group of four songs of the tender passion, all fairly good, consists of: "A Siren's Song," words by T. G. Hemery,

music by Valentine Hemery, which is published in one key only, compass from C below the lines to G flat above the F. lines; "Why Don't You?" written and composed by F. Bowyer and A. L. Mora; this is not a comic song, as its title would lead us to suppose, but a very sentimental effusion; "If Love Were Always True," words by Hugh Seton, music by Ralph Harmer, a plaintive ditty; and "Love's Return," written and composed by Constance M. Lacy and Arthur Le Jeune, with the much-loved waltz refrain. These will all enjoy a brief success.—Spirited words and stirring music will be found united in "A True British Tar," written and composed by Messrs. T. G. and Valentine Hemery.

Five useful pianoforte pieces for after-dinner execution are: "A Toi" (For You), transcription brillante, by Sidney Smith, of his well-known showy type; "Le Chant de Berger," a graceful idyll by Leonard Gautier; "Le Palais Royal," danse gracieuse, well worthy of its name, by Théo Bonheur; "Falling Leaves," a dreamy

morceau de salon, by Valentine Hemery; and "Norwegian Dance," a quaint polka gavotte by S. Claude Ridley.—Young students of the violin are now so numerous as almost to equal juvenile pianists, hence there is a constant demand for new and easy music. "Fleurs Mélodiques," Première Suite, No. 4, "Le Début," is one of the prettiest of *Petites Pièces pour Violin et Piano*, by Charles Dancla. Of the same easy type as the above are Nos. 22 and 24 of "Modern Gems," arranged by Carl Volti for violin and pianoforte; the former is "Au Secours" (W. Vandervell), the latter "Sans Pareil" (Léonard Gautier).—The guitar has been taken up of late, and when played in tune is very pleasing as an accompaniment for the voice. "A Casket of Pearls" is the collective title of a series of favourite melodies transcribed for the guitar by A. Luigi. No. 4 is "Au Secours March," by W. Vandervell; No. 6 is "Ring, O Bells," by Michael Watson.—Very melodious and dance-provoking is "Golden Slumbers Waltz," by Léonard Gautier.



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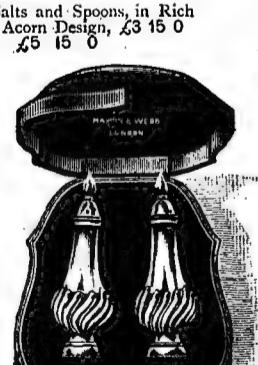
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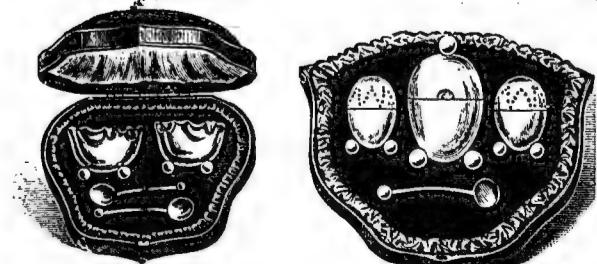
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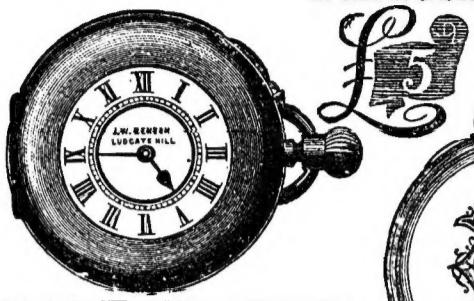
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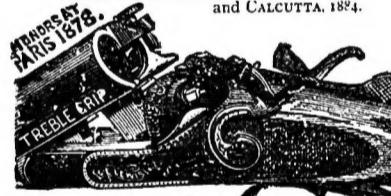
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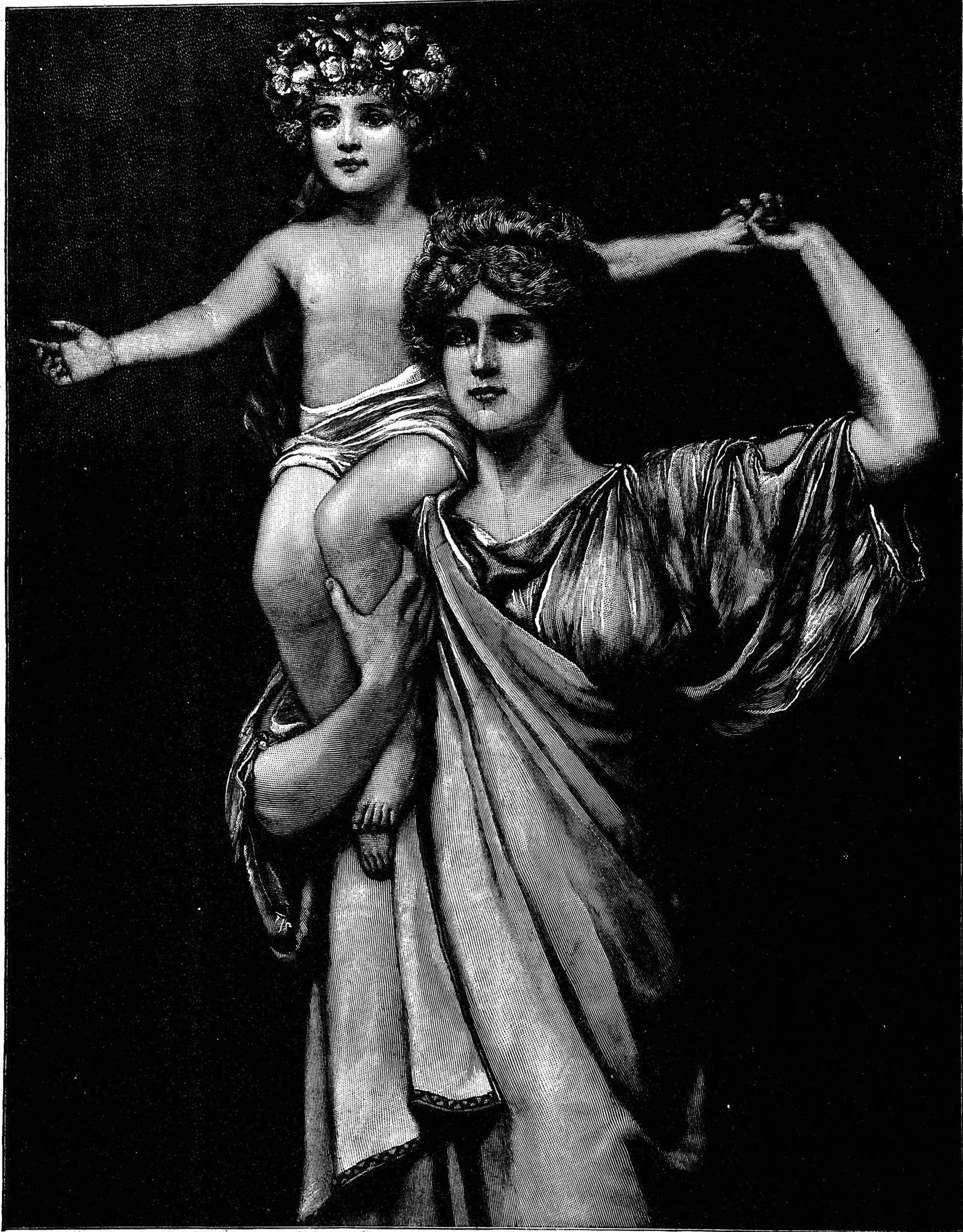
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THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 27, 1890.



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